

MEMOIRS OF MARTIN OSTWALD

INTRODUCTION*

I am beginning what promises to be a long drawn-out job on Thursday, January 12, 1989, a few days before my sixty-seventh birthday, in the hope of preserving for my children and those who come after them a sense of what their origins are. I hope God will give me the strength to fulfill that task in the way in which it ought to be fulfilled. I am enjoying good health and feel in full possession of my mental capacities; I have been blessed for over forty years with the companionship of a wonderful wife, who has made it possible for me to pursue all my personal and professional activities with the leisure necessary to pursuing them.

Nevertheless, the years have taken their toll of my memory. There are many essential details, especially of my earlier days, that I may no longer remember; my own perspectives may be distorted; what I regard as significant and memorable may not have appeared so to other members of my family. Moreover, I cannot check my memories with many people who formed part of my early life. It is already more than two decades ago, on May 1st, 1966, that my beloved brother Ernest met his premature death; my last surviving aunt Trude Strauss, sister of my mother, who knew me from the day of my birth, died on Tisha b'Av on August 14, 1986. I can no longer check any of my memories with them.

Of the five cousins on my father's side, all older than myself, three survive. The oldest of them is Else Halle, daughter of my late aunt Johanna Rose, née Ostwald, and mother of Inge Nathan, lives in a retirement home in London and is 91 years old. I have never been very close to her: when I was a child, she lived in Berlin and we rarely saw one another so that she did not really share my life.

Next in line comes Liesel Humberg, daughter of my aunt Emmy Klein, née Ostwald. Although she lived in Langendreer not very far from Dortmund when I was a child, I have always felt less close to her than to Else Halle, primarily

because her temperament is entirely different from mine. Her mental horizon is very limited and, in my opinion, she has never had any values higher in life than to have a good time. (Her daughter, Mónica Flori, who lives in Portland, Oregon, is quite a different kettle of fish. Unfortunately, I have so far met her only once, but we are in sporadic correspondence with one another.) Liesel emigrated to Uruguay ca. 1937, shortly after her marriage to Helmut Humberg, and they had themselves baptized soon after their arrival there. This, too, makes a good relationship difficult for me, for, unless there are deep and genuine spiritual reasons, I regard it as a betrayal to forsake the religion for which our fathers and forefathers have had to give their lives. I also regard it as lack of character on Liesel's part to have returned to live in Germany after the war, the country which caused the death of her parents. For these reasons, Liesel, too, can do little to aid my memory.

There remains my favorite cousin Hella Reinach, née Neukircher. I have always been fond of her, probably because she inherited the warmheartedness of her mother Rosa. She is twelve years older than I, i.e. she is now 78 years of age. She was born and raised not far from Dortmund, a small town in Westphalia, named Werl. Since it is about half-way between Dortmund and Sichtigvor, Ernest and I used to stop over there for lunch whenever we cycled to Sichtigvor. Hella married Julius (Jülle) Goldschmidt in 1930; they lived very close to Dortmund in Castrop-Rauxel and we visited them quite often. They emigrated to Chicago about 1937, where Jülle was very successful as a dentist. He died in 1953. After a few years of widowhood, Hella then married Walter Reinach, a physician, and moved to Schenectady, where he practised. A few years after his death, she moved to Sherman Oaks (Los Angeles) to be close to her daughters, Marlene Malkin and Joanne Dolinki. Hella is now about the only person with whom I can check my memory, although in the crucial period from 1937 until I moved to Chicago in 1946 our only contact was by correspondence.

So much about the human sources other than my memory. In addition, I can look to photographs and some old letters to stimulate my memory, and I shall do in that respect whatever I can. So with these cautionary words, let me proceed.

□

- In resuming writing in April 2009, after a long lapse, I regret to have to report the deaths, over the past few years of all my cousins mentioned above: Liesel Humberg died in Berlin (but I am still in sporadic touch with her daughter Mónica Flori); Else Halle in London; most painful to me was the death of my beloved

Hella Reinach, at the age of 98, on April 4th of this year in Sherman Oaks, California. She was buried on Lore's 85th birthday two days ago (April 8th, 2007). Her life was long and , by and large happy. She was attended in admirable devotion by her daughters, Marlene Malkin and Joanne Dolinki.

In addition to them, these were predeceased by Hilde Halle, Else Halle's younger sister, who lived in Macclesfield, England; and by Ilse Spiegel, née Klein, sister of Liesel Humbert, who lived in Portland, Oregon.

My two cousins on my mother's side were approximately my own age and would not have been appropriate sources for these memoirs. The younger of them, Eva Jonas, daughter of Grete, née Strauss and divorced from her husband Richard Jonas, was, with her mother, killed by the Nazis during World War II. She was born in Berlin in 1924 (?). My older cousin, Hans (Harold) Weinberg, son of Else Weinberg, née Strauss, was born in 1921; he managed to flee to England before the War; was interned and sent to Australia. He married there and his daughter Marie Else Klein still lives there (in Bulleen near Melbourne), and we are in occasional touch. Harold died a few years ago.

MEMOIRS

Table of Contents

Introduction	i-iii
I. Family Background	1
1, The Ostwald Side	1
2. The Strauss Side	14
II. Childhood 1922-33	23
III. Childhood 1933-38	38
1. Preliminaries	38
2. The Early Nazi Years	39
IV. Adulthood and Emigration	50
1. The Kristallnacht	50
2. Holland	52
3, England	53
4. Canada	60
V. U.S.A,	82
1. Chicago	82
2 NewYork and Middletown	88
3. Kew Gardens	103
4. Swarthmore	120

[UNFINISHED AND NEEDS RENUMBERING]

I. FAMILY BACKGROUND

1. The Ostwald side

It is difficult to convey in words to those who do not share my background how very German our family was. My father, Max Ostwald, traced back his side of the family as far as ca. 1640. He could not go back any further, because the necessary documentation was destroyed in the Thirty-Years War. From at least that time on, all the Ostwald family lived in Westphalia. The documents he gathered laboriously and conscientiously shortly after Hitler came to power are now lost. On a postcard dated June 19, 1939 and sent from Dortmund to me in England, my father reports his discovery that my great-great-grandmother, Hanne Weinberg was born in 1771 in Calle near Meschede (Westphalia) as the daughter of Moses and Esther Weinberg, and that she died in Horn (Westphalia) on September 8, 1860. This is somewhat puzzling to me for two reasons. Her name alone appears on the birth registration of my great-grandfather, Menke Ostwald; at some point unknown to me she married, according to my father, Salomon Ostwald. But on Menke's tombstone his Hebrew name is inscribed as "Menachem ben Avraham," not as "Menachem ben Shlomo." Why is Salomon's name not registered as Menke's father? Since males of uncertain paternity are usually given the Hebrew patronymic "ben Avraham," my father speculated that Menke may have been Hannchen's illegitimate child, who was adopted by Salomon Ostwald when he married her. Where Salomon Ostwald lived, my father did not know. Secondly, it is somewhat strange that my father believed Hanne to have died in Horn at a time when her son Menke had already been settled in Sichtigvor for 21 years, since Horn is quite a distance from Sichtigvor, and since Menke's tombstone clearly indicates that he was born in Belecke (a small town about 3 or 4 miles from Sichtigvor).

Since my father was not a professional archivist or historian, but picked up his information sporadically and unsystematically, I am more inclined to believe an account, sent to me under the date of February 10, 2000, by Willi Hecker, a local and very conscientious historian of Sichtigvor, who found in the archives of the public registry office in Warstein (a larger town near Sichtigvor, into which Sichtigvor is now incorporated), a record of the marriage of Menke Emanuel Ostwald to (He)lena Grüneberg (of Arnsberg, the capital of one of the three districts into which Westphalia was divided) as having taken place in Sichtigvor on February 26, 1840. In that same document, Menke's birthplace is given as Belecke, his father's name as Jakob Ostwald (from Iserlohn), and his mother's as (Jo)hanna Weinberg. The names of Helena's parents (i.e., my great-great-grandparents) are given as Abraham Grüneberg and Bertha Stern. It is known from their tombstones in the Jewish cemetery in Belecke that Menke was born in Belecke on October 14, 1810, and died in Sichtigvor on April 15, 1895; and that Helena was born in Arnsberg on November 12, 1812, and died in Sichtigvor on May 7, 1885, i.e. a year after Opa Max was born. Photographs of the two used to hang over the piano in the living room of our house in Sichtigvor. Small copies of these pictures are in my possession. My father told me that Menke was very poor and wore no more than a linen suit on his bar mitzvah.

Menke had moved from Belecke to Sichtigvor in 1839, and his marriage to Helena Grüneberg took place a year after he purchased "our" house.¹ In their house

¹ Willi Hecker reports in his letter of February 10, 2000, that other Ostwalds are recorded as having lived in Belecke, and he assumes (rightly, I believe) that they must have been relatives of Menke. The most interesting of these is Salomon Ostwald, who married Bela Weinberg (1785-1844). His name, as well as the fact that his wife's maiden name was Weinberg, suggests one of the reasons why my father regarded him as Menke's father. This seems chronologically possible, though he might also have been Menke's uncle. The document seems more reliable. — Salomon's children were: (1) Jakob Ostwald, who married Evi Stern in 1851; they had a son named Seligmann; (2) Abraham Ostwald, who married Jette Rosenthal in 1840 and had a son Jakob with her in 1841; the same Abraham Ostwald is said to have married Pauline Stern in 1859 (presumably he was widowed at the time and this was a second marriage), and they had a daughter named Hedwig in 1864. — To this information Willi Hecker adds: "Whether Esther Ostwald, who married Michael Löwenstein and gave birth to a son, Jakob, in 1850, is also one of Salomon Ostwald's children could not be ascertained. There was also a Jeanette Ostwald, who gave birth in 1845 to an illegitimate daughter, Esther, who lived for only 8 months. I don't know

all their children were born and it remained our family's homestead until my father was forced to sell it by the Nazis in 1939. My brother Ernest and I spent all our vacations there until the death of my grandmother in 1934, and many vacations thereafter, when it was remodelled and, except for a small apartment which we retained, rented out. Some of my happiest childhood memories are associated with Sichtigvor and that house. On November 9, 2008, the 70th anniversary of the infamous "Kristallnacht," when synagogues were burned, Jewish homes laid waste, and my father, Uncle Ernest and I arrested, a bronze plaque was affixed and dedicated at our house by the Sichtigvor community to commemorate our former ownership of the "Judenhaus" and the contributions made by our family to the community life of Sichtigvor.

Menke and Helena had 3 sons and 4 daughters. The eldest son was my grandfather Markus Ostwald, who was born in Sichtigvor on October 15, 1842, and died there on November 22, 1914. In addition to him, there were, according to the letter from Willi Hecker of February 10, 2000, two other sons (Levi, born July 30, 1850; and Salomon Benjamin, who was born on December 23, 1852, and died February 16, 1869). The reason why I had never heard of them before is probably that they had both died by the time Opa Max was born.

Of the daughters I best remember Rosalie Ostwald, who was born on May 20, 1860, and married (Meyer) Max Rosenthal in Hörde (near Dortmund). She was the mother of George, Julius, and Helene. We had close relations with George, who emigrated to the U.S. in the mid-1930s and had a practice as a physician in Cherry Valley, N.Y., where he died ca. 1954. He and his wife, Else, had no children. Julius (called Jülle) owned his father's department store in Hörde until his emigration in 1938. He settled in Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., and died there in the early 1950s. His wife, Lucie, née Meyer, died of cancer a few years after him in New York. Of his two children, Alfred (who changed his family name to Ronald) used to live in Scarsdale, where I understand he died a few years ago. His daughter Lore used to live in Trenton, where she was married to John Groeger, a distant relative through the Fleischhacker branch of our family, of whom more later. He committed suicide in the early 1960s. We last saw Lore, when we were at

whether Isaak Bachmann, who married Rebekka Blankenstein, is in any way connected with your grandmother."

the Institute in Princeton in 1973-74, but after that lost touch with her. Helene lived in Elberfeld, married to a lawyer named Adolf Strauss. They were divorced in the late 1920s or early 1930s. Lene (as she was called) then moved to Hörde with her only son, Werner, to be near her family. Adolf committed suicide soon after the divorce. Lene lost her life in one of the Nazi extermination camps. Her son Werner went to Israel (when it was still Palestine) in the late 1930s and settled in the kibbutz Givat Brenner. We visited him there on our first trip to Israel in 1962. I maintained a brief correspondence with him thereafter, but it fizzled out. Rosalie died in Cologne shortly before the outbreak of war on May 16, 1939.

Another daughter of Menke and Helena Ostwald, Henriette, was born on November 11, 1845, and also married a resident of Hörde, Benedikt Back. She was always referred to as "Tante Back". I well remember their son Albert Back, who owned the family textile store when I was a boy, and especially his wife Lene, a cordial, warm-hearted and ebullient woman. They had a weekend house on the Hengstey See, not far from Dortmund (where, incidentally, the Rosenthals also had a weekend house), which we visited often on a Sunday or for a weekend. They had two children, Fritz and Liese, both of whom emigrated to Israel in the early 1930s. Fritz, who was a fellow student of Walter Leipzig's in Cologne, died fairly young in the 1950s; Liese was married to Werner Alexander and you will remember her well from our visits to Beth Yitzchak. She was a wonderful woman and it was a great loss to us, when she died of cancer in the early 1970s. Her son David still lives in her house in Beth Yitzchak.

The Backs also had a daughter, named Rickchen, who married Siegmund Seligmann. Their son, Ernst Seligmann, became the husband of Irene (=Reni) Bachmann, who now lives in Los Angeles. Reni, incidentally, is related to us from my grandmother's side: her father, Felix Bachmann, was my grandmother's nephew and thus my father's cousin (see below). Ernst's sister, Herta, was married in Buer near Dortmund. She perished in the holocaust.

I have some memories of the third daughter of Menke and Helene Ostwald, whom I very vaguely remember to have met, when I was still a very little boy. But I may be mistaken about that. Her name was Bertha; she was born on September 28, 1858, and married Hugo Fleischhacker in Düsseldorf. She had two sons,

named Max and Hugo, and two daughters named Else and Helene. Helene was the mother of John Groeger, whom I mentioned above as the husband of Lore Rosenthal. Else worked in a very elegant department store in Düsseldorf, got married in the late 1930s and emigrated to the U.S. Of the sons, I remember only Max and his two children (one male and one female), who were several years older than I, from a visit they paid to Sichtigvor shortly before Oma's death. Hella told me that the famous sculptor Benno Elkan (who made the menorah in front of the Knesset building in Jerusalem) is somehow connected with the Fleischhackers.

The fourth Ostwald daughter, whose name was Minna (or Bernhardine, according to Willi Hecker), was born on February 4, 1841, and married a Katzenberg in Grebenstein near Kassel. Their daughter Toni I once met in Cologne, where she lived with her husband, a laborer named Sassen. Another daughter married a man named Schnitzler. Their son Adi emigrated to Florida, where he made his living as a window trimmer for Lane Bryant. I know that Hella was still in touch with him some years ago.

My grandfather, Markus Ostwald, was the second eldest, but eldest of their male children. I infer that from the incontrovertible facts that he inherited the paternal estate in Sichtigvor, and that he had the initial "M", which became traditional for the eldest son in our family. He married Philippine, née Bachmann from Velmede (near Arnsberg) on September 10, 1873, in Sichtigvor in a religious ceremony under the chuppah; the civil marriage took place over a month later in Rüthen (a small municipality near Sichtigvor) on October 27, 1873. No doubt the former was regarded as the more important, and the latter a mere formality; if it were otherwise, the sequence would no doubt have been reversed. Markus Ostwald died in Sichtigvor on November 22, 1914, long before I was born, and six years before my parents got married. I shall have very much more to say about my grandmother later on, since she is one of the great women in my life. But for the moment I simply record that she was born in Velmede (Westphalia) on January 29, 1849, and that she died in Sichtigvor on October 17, 1934, at the age of 85. I have very vivid memories of her and especially of her funeral, which I attended in the sad consciousness that she would no longer experience my bar mitzvah, which was to take place a little over two months later on December 22, 1934.

There are two stories about her I should like to mention here. One is that my father, when he tried to track down her birth certificate, discovered that her birth was recorded at the public registry in Meschede (the nearest town to the village of Velmede) as having been reported by her father on February 5, 1849, to have taken place on February 3, and not on January 29, which was the day on which her birthday had always been celebrated. My father believed that either (a) her father was later than the local laws prescribed in registering the birth and therefore gave a later date than the one on which it actually took place, or (b) that February 3 was the actual date of her birth by the Jewish calendar, and that when the Jews started to celebrate their birthdays according to the common calendar, it was celebrated on January 29, because the Jewish date had fallen on January 29 the year before. I regard the first of these alternatives as the more likely, because at that time there was no public transportation to cover the five miles or so between Velmede and Meschede, so that he had to go on foot to the registry, and weather conditions may have prevented him from making the trip within the time prescribed by law.

Another peculiarity about the birth registration was that her name was entered as Bienchen, not Philippine. My father had no theory how that had happened. But the truth of the matter is that she was called "Pinchen" by all her relatives; since this is a kind of pet name for "Philippine" it may well be that "Bienchen" is a misspelling for that.

The other story involves an incident shortly after my grandparents' marriage. It was the custom of Jewish families in the neighborhood to visit one another on Shabbat afternoons for coffee and cake. On one of these occasions my grandmother wanted to parade her best coffee service, including little mocha cups, which had been a wedding gift. Her father-in-law, Menke, called her away from the party and rebuked her: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself to serve coffee out of such small cups? People will think that you are stingy!"

The house in Velmede in which my grandmother was born had probably been acquired ca. 1830 by her father, the merchant Marcus Bachmann, when he married Röschen Strauss, who was born in Velmede on November 13, 1811. He himself was born in nearby Meschede on March 11, 1800. Both died in Velmede, Marcus on May 16, 1873, and Röschen on April 20, 1881. I have an unreliable

note that they had 6 sons and 4 daughters. But I know only of my grandmother, a sister of hers who married a Rosenthal in Meschede, and her brother Leeser. Leeser's son, Max Bachmann, owned both the house and the store when, as children, Ernest and I visited their ancestral home together with our parents several times. Max Bachmann's wife was Klara, née Wolff. They had four children. The oldest was Anneliese, then came Edgar, then Carla (who was two or three years older than I), and finally Hilla, who was Ernest's age. Anneliese was married to Robert Goldschmidt of Eslohe, the brother of Hella's first husband Julius (= Jülle) Goldschmidt. Robert died a very few years after their marriage and left her widowed with two children, Marianne and Hans-Jürgen. They emigrated to the U.S. together and lived in Columbus, Ohio. Anneliese died there many years ago, and both her children have also passed away. Edgar also emigrated to the U.S. with his wife, Liesel Buchdahl from Brilon in Westphalia. Edgar has passed away, but Liesel may still be alive. Carla and Hilla were both married in this country, and lived in Columbus. Carla died a few years ago, and the only survivor, Hilla, lived in St. Louis with her husband Albert (?) Harf, and upon his death moved to a retirement home in Wilmette, Illinois, to be near her daughter Sally. I have visited her there a few times on our visits to neighboring Glencoe.

A sister of Max Bachmann, Amanda, lived in Dortmund, where she was married to Louis Wolff. We saw quite a bit of her when we were children, and I remember her three children, all of whom were quite a bit older than Ernest and I, very well indeed. Erich, the eldest, lived in Buffalo with his wife Anita, née Blum, after his emigration. I saw him there when Mummy and I visited with Tante Thé Godshaw on the way back to Chicago from a vacation in Canada in 1948. I heard from him again just several years ago, when he had retired to Florida, and shortly thereafter had news of his death. He and Anita have three children. The second, Lotte, I haven't seen since we left Germany. I know that she got married and lived in Newark, N.J., but have never seen her again. Hella told me that she is no longer alive. The youngest, Fritz, went to live on a moshav in Israel, where we visited him in 1962. He had contracted polio while on the moshav and was therefore assigned to office work. I believe I heard through Frieda some years ago that he has died.

In addition to Max and Amanda, there was a brother, Felix Bachmann, who was a physician in Hannover, where Mummy's family knew him. I remember him

well, although we did not see each other often. His wife's maiden name was Nelly Borgzinner, and their two daughters were named Irene (=Reni) and Ruth. Ruth came to visit us once in Dortmund; Reni, born on September 28, 1915, married, as I mentioned above, Ernst Seligmann (related to us on the Ostwald side), when he worked in Back's store in Hörde in the 1930s and I knew both very well; she lived widowed in Los Angeles, where she was in constant touch with Hella, and I heard from her occasionally. A son of theirs, Ralph, also lives in California. Ruth, born on February 18, 1921, also emigrated to the U.S. and was married to Willi Pollak. Upon his death she moved to Laguna Beach, California, where she still lives. I have been in touch with a few times when I visited Hella in. She has a daughter, Judy, and a son, Oliver. Oliver used to be a university professor in Omaha, Nebraska, but then became a lawyer. There was a further Bachmann brother, Hermann, who lived in Lünen, not far from Dortmund. I remember him quite well, although our families somehow did not have very close contact. I also remember that a son of his (whose name I forget) committed suicide very young early under the Hitler regime. In addition I know of a sister, Mathilde, who was married to a Mr. Frank in Cologne.

So much for what I remember about the Bachmann family, and back to Markus and Pinchen Ostwald. They had four children. The eldest, Johanna, was born on August 5, 1874. She married a very rich man, Bernhard Rose, a banker and business man, with whom she lived in Wanne-Eickel. After my father had finished grade school in Sichtigvor, he lived with them to attend high school (Gymnasium) in the neighboring town of Recklinghausen. They had two daughters, Else and Hilde, who married two brothers, Hugo and Gerhard Halle, respectively. Else Halle, who was born on November 14, 1897, and died in London a few years ago. She is the mother of Inge Nathan and Herman (formerly Horst) Halle. Hilde (born March 11, 1899) and her husband Gerhard, who was a textile merchant, left Germany (Berlin) very soon after Hitler came to power in 1933 and settled in England. One of the first things they did there was to have themselves and their children baptized in the Anglican church, believing that that would provide them an entry into British society. They were very prosperous to start with, and I remember a weekend Ernest and I spent on their very sumptuous estate in Whyteleafe, Surrey, soon after we arrived in England in early 1939. Later, however, he overextended his business and had to reduce it. This involved at first a

move to Macclesfield in Cheshire, and not many years later bankruptcy. Soon thereafter Gerhard died; I last visited Hilde in a small house into which she had to move in 1977 (?). She died there in the early 1980s. She is survived by three sons. The eldest, Claude, is a ne'er-do-well, who lived by all kinds of shady deals, and went from riches to rags and back again. He spent quite a bit of time in Spain, and the last I heard of him was that he was a taxi driver in London. The other two are twins, Bernard and Harold, who rescued of their father's business what could be rescued. Bernard, I understand, has meanwhile retired and lives in Majorca (?); Harold, I believe, is still in Macclesfield. They all married gentile girls and have shown very little interest in their family, and that includes their aunt Else and their cousin Inge.

Emmy Ostwald, their second child, was born on July 25, ca.1880. She married Hermann Klein, a small and not very successful business man, who had a shoe store in Langendreer near Dortmund, when I was a little boy. He was a lot of fun, full of funny jokes and tricks, and often came to visit in Sichtigvor, while Ernest and I were there on vacations with Oma. We also went several times to Langendreer to visit them. Their elder daughter, Ilse, born March 19, 1906 (?), used to work in a shoe store in Dortmund and regularly had dinner (which was in Germany consumed at midday) in our house. She was engaged for many years to Richard Spiegel, a young lawyer, who, like all young Jewish lawyers, was forced out of his profession very early under the Hitler regime, and then became a shirt salesman. They got married when they decided to emigrate to the U.S. By that time the war had already started in Europe, and they had to make their way to the U.S. in a sealed train across Russia to Vladivostok, and thence to the U.S. via Yokohama. They settled in Portland, Oregon. Richard became a travelling salesman and devoted his spare time to painting. I understand that a number of his pictures are now in an art gallery in Portland. We saw Ilse and Richard a few times when they came to New York to visit Richard's sister, and I visited them once in 1969, when I came back from having taught for the summer at the University of California in Berkeley. Richard died in Portland ca. 1980, and Ilse passed away ca. 1984 on a trip to Hawaii. Ilse's younger sister, Liesel was born on August 29, 1908. She married Helmut Humberg, who worked in the same bank in which she worked in Essen. They emigrated together to Montevideo, Uruguay, about 1937, where they had a daughter, Mónica, who now lives with her husband, Frank Flori,

in Portland, Oregon. That family, too, had themselves baptized soon after they reached Uruguay. They returned to Germany from Uruguay shortly before the military coup of 1974 to rescue themselves and their money. Soon after settling in Berlin, Helmut died; Liesel died in Berlin a few years ago.

My aunt Rosa was the third child. She was born on October 4, 1881, and married a wealthy textile merchant, Heinrich Neukircher. Their daughter Hella was born on October 15, 1910. They lived in Werl on top of their big textile store. A particularly attractive feature of their house was a roof garden, which was rather rare in Germany. Onkel Heinrich was my godfather. He was a rather formal and stiff Victorian gentleman, to whom it was difficult to get close. His wife, Tante Rosa, was just the opposite: she was lively, warmhearted, generous, qualities which her daughter, Hella, inherited from her. There was never any question in my mind that just as Rosa was my favorite aunt, so Hella was my favorite cousin. Also in their house lived two sisters of Onkel Heinrich., both of whom worked in the store. Tante Mathilde was a spinster, and Tante Anna, who operated the cash register, was a big voluminous widow, who had been the second wife of a Mr. Cohén in Strassburg and was thus the stepmother of Alice Witte. As far as I know, Alice was never very close to her stepmother. But she was very fond of Tante Rosa, of Hella, and also liked to talk to my father. And, as you know, she transferred that fondness to me from the time that I came to New York as a graduate student in 1948.

Werl was about halfway between Dortmund and Sichtigvor. Whenever Ernest and I went to Sichtigvor by bicycle, which we did fairly frequently after the death of our grandmother, we arranged our trip in such a way that we stopped over in Werl for lunch (which, you must remember, was the main meal in Germany). On every occasion, Tante Rosa packed us a big bag with all kind of goodies to take along: chocolate, raisins, nuts, sausage, etc. A special favorite she used to give us for our mother was a chunk of smoked beef (Rauchfleisch). She was like that also in our grandmother's lifetime: every week she would send a package with all kind of goodies to Oma, not only food but also articles of clothing, books, etc., and every time there was also some kind of toy or delicacy for Ernest and myself. Her specialty for us in those packages was Studentenfutter (a mixture of nuts and raisins).

My father, Max, was the youngest Ostwald child. He was born on June 6, 1884, and was thus ten years younger than his eldest sister, Johanna. To have a male in the family to continue the family name was very important to my grandparents, as it was to most families in Germany. Being the youngest, he was thoroughly spoiled by his sisters. He went to the local school in Sichtigvor until, I suppose, the age of 10. Education has always been important for us Jews, and it must have been for that reason that my grandparents decided that he ought to go to high school. Since all that German law demanded was eight years of grade school, only larger towns had them. That meant that most of the inhabitants of Sichtigvor did not — or could not afford to — give their children an education beyond grade school. It must have been about the time that my father was ready to be sent to high school that my aunt Johanna got married and moved to Wanne-Eickel. The natural thing to do was, therefore, to have my father board with her, while attending the Gymnasium (high school with a classical curriculum) in nearby Recklinghausen for the usual nine-year duration of that part of one's education. It was at that school that he picked up his lasting love for Latin and Greek, which he later instilled in me.

After his graduation, it was more or less a foregone conclusion that he should go on to a university. But he could not decide what he wanted to study. It happened that at that time Onkel Bernhard (Tante Johanna's wealthy entrepreneur husband) had been involved in a lot of litigation, and he persuaded my grandparents to make my father study law, in the belief that that was one way in which to get rich fast. And my father was willing.

University studies in Germany were quite unlike college education in the United States. Students were free to move from one university to another to study with the professors of their choice or to have a change of atmosphere. Since final exams were administered by the state, you could take them at any university after you had attended the specified number of lecture courses. There were practically no scholarship stipends, and there was no tradition of working your way through university. That meant in practice that only people who could afford it sent their children to university, and for the children it meant that they did not have to worry about making a living. The result was that having a good time was as much — or

more — of the aim of German students as it was to learn something. I do know from my father that he spent a lot of time with his friends in taverns and at dances, and that he joined a Jewish fraternity. In fact, there was no other kind of fraternity that he could have joined, since gentile fraternities did not accept Jews. Many fraternities, both Jewish and gentile, had the barbarous tradition of having their members prove their masculinity by engaging in saber-duels. If another student insulted you, you were expected to challenge him to a duel, and if no one insulted you, you would insult someone in the hope that he would challenge you. That is the way in which my father acquired deep scars on his right cheek and even two on top of his head. It is significant of the German ethos that these scars were regarded as a mark of honor and that my father was very proud of them.

Fraternity life was important enough to my father that I ought to say about it what little I know. The friendships he contracted in them as a student lasted all his life and were extended from his family to the family of his fraternity friends. As far as I know, there was a small number of Jewish fraternities, organized largely along ideological lines. There was at least one Zionist fraternity and one which emphasized a combination of allegiance to Germany with Judaism. It was to the latter group that my father belonged. It was called "K.C.", short for "Kartell Convent", but what the meaning of that was supposed to be I don't know. But I do know that the members of the K.C. kept up their contacts and published their own little newssheet with personal news even after their emigration. In one of its issues appeared an obituary of my father, written by his friend Bernhard Baruch, who emigrated to France very early during the Hitler regime and vainly tried to persuade my father to move with his family to France. A typed copy of this obituary is among my papers. The chapters to which my father belonged were "Licaria", which, I believe, was at the University of Munich, and "Rhen-Silesia", which was — but I am not sure — at Bonn. I remember that my father's favorite beer mug had the Licaria coat-of-arms on it, and that it included the motto "Recht geht vor Macht" (= "Law is greater than power"). Each fraternity brother had (and was always called by) a nickname. My father's was "Peperl", a Bavarian form for "Joseph", which he was allegedly given, when one of the barmaids in a pub the fraternity frequented in Munich called him by that name. Among our family friends from his fraternity days I remember "Pisterich", a lawyer named Erich Simon, who lived in Münster, and "Pichel", a bachelor lawyer named Josef

Meyersberg from Bochum. Incidentally, Richard Spiegel, the husband of my cousin Ilse, née Klein, who emigrated to Portland, Oregon, also was a K.C. member.

To describe my father's professional education, I can do no better than to translate the biography which, as was conventionally done, he appended to his published doctoral dissertation. The title of that dissertation is, by the way, "Der Übergang des gesetzlichen Hypothekentitels bei Abtretung einer Werklohnforderung" (= The transfer of a legal mortgage as an assignment undertaken to satisfy payment for labor performed).

"Born on June 6, 1884, in Mühlheim on the Möhne in Westphalia as son of the merchant Markus Ostwald and his wife Philippine, née Bachmann, I attended the humanistic Gymnasium in Recklinghausen, from which I graduated Easter 1903. I then devoted myself to the study of the law: 3 semesters at the University of Munich, 1 semester at the University of Bonn, and 2 semesters at the University of Münster in Westphalia.

On October 4, 1906, I passed my first qualifying examination as a lawyer at the Royal Superior Court in Hamm in Westphalia. Shortly thereafter, I was appointed as a Referendar (= intern) and served in that capacity at the municipal court in Borbeck (Rhineland); at the district court in Dortmund; in the district attorney's office in Düsseldorf; in the office of the attorney Dr. Schoenewald and the notary Counsellor of Justice Goldberg in Bochum; and finally at the municipal court in Münster, where I am currently active. I passed my doctoral examination before the high faculty of Law of the Grand-Ducal Badensian Ruprecht-Karls-University in Heidelberg on the basis of the present dissertation and an oral examination on January 22, 1910."

I know practically nothing of what happened to my father between his service at the municipal court in Münster and his marriage to my mother, except that he settled and opened his law office in Dortmund in 1912, that he was drafted into the German army in World War I; he was not sent to the front because his right hand was crippled. That was due to an injury he had sustained as a boy: when one of his schoolmates made some anti-Semitic remarks, he lunged at him, fell and

pierced his palm on a sharp stone. The doctor who treated him did such a poor job that the palm shrivelled, so that he could no longer grasp anything firmly in it. He could hold a pen with it for writing, but that was about all. So his military service was behind the lines. I don't know, either, how long it lasted. Immediately after the war he returned to Dortmund and resumed his law practice there.

I think it was in the summer of 1919 that a senior colleague of his, Dr. Max Frank, asked him to take care of any cases that might come up, while he himself was off on a vacation. Dr. Frank's administrative assistant at that time was a young lady named Hedwig Strauss. My father had already been introduced to her family through his cousin, Helene Rosenthal, who was a good friend of Grete Strauss, Hedwig's younger sister. In any event, my father started dating her, and on April 25, 1920, while accompanying her on a shopping trip she had to make to Unna-Königsborn, they got engaged. The wedding took place in Dortmund on December 19, 1920. I was told that my father appeared for the occasion in his sturdy walking boots. A sociologically interesting point is that up to their engagement my parents addressed each other in the polite form ("Sie"); only after that did they use the familiar "Du".

2. The Strauss Side

On her father's side, my mother's family came from Westphalia; on her mother's from the region around Hannover. I don't know much about the genealogy of her father, Levy Strauss. He was born in Lippstadt on August 22, 1858, and died in Dortmund on July 10, 1919, from an embolism. His grandfather's name was Moses Strauss and his grandmother's maiden name Berta Camp. Where and when they were born and died, I do not know. His father's name was Michael Strauss, a merchant by profession, who was born in Obermarsberg on July 3, 1829, and died in Philadelphia in 1901. I have been very remiss in trying to find out what brought him to Philadelphia, what he died of, how he died, and where he is buried. But I do intend to try and find out what I can. He married a widow, Frederike

Bacharach, née Ostheimer, who was born in Lipperode on February 2, 1815, and died in Lippstadt on December 4, 1859, i.e., a year and a half after the birth of Levy. I only know that her father's name was Levy Raphael Ostheimer and her mother's Rebekka Lea, née Edler. I have no information about their birthplace or the dates of their birth and death. I am not even sure how many children they had in addition to Levy. As far as I remember, Levy had a half-sister from his mother's previous marriage, who married Sally Schild in Dortmund. She had died long before I was born, but I remember very well her husband, who was called "Onkel Schild" and who died in his eighties in the early 1930s. He was not tall, but very stately and sported a long dark beard when beards were not in fashion. He had a very good sense of humour and was always on the Board of our synagogue. I remember three of his children: Dr. Otto Schild was a very distinguished physician in Dortmund and was our family doctor. Otto's sister Adele married a Dutchman named Meyer Gompels, with whom she moved to South Africa (I believe it was Capetown) in the 1920s. She had two sons, Joost and Paul, with whom she came to visit her father one time shortly before his death. Trulla told me some years ago that Joost had moved to the U.S. and was living in Westchester County. There was also another son, named Hermann, whom I met only once, and that was at the time of Onkel Schild's funeral. Nobody spoke of him or had any contact with him, which leads me to believe that he was the black sheep of the family. Onkel Otto's wife was Berta, née Blankenberg. They had two children, several years older than I. Hans completed his studies of medicine very early when Hitler had already come to power, and Grete had to leave university under Hitler without finishing her study of law. Adele helped that whole family to emigrate to South Africa, where they settled in or near Johannesburg. I seem to remember that Onkel Otto got some sort of position on the medical faculty of the University of Johannesburg (Witwatersrand?). Onkle Otto and Tante Berta died quite some time ago. Hans married a gentile South African; Grete lived in Johannesburg with her husband Fred Rothberg, whom she met as a law student in Germany. I know that they have at least one daughter, who once came to visit Trulla. I last heard from Grete after Trulla's death, but haven't had any contact with her since.

As for my maternal grandmother, Ida Strauss, née Weinberg, I know more about her mother's family than her father's. She was born in Hemeringen, a village not far from Hannover, as the third child of Meyer Weinberg, who was born in

Hemeringen on March 27, 1835, and died there on August 2, 1906. About his ancestors I have no information. Her mother was Selma, née Abrahamson, who was born in Gestorf (another little village in the vicinity of Hannover) on December 8, 1835, and died in Hemeringen on December 3, 1898. Selma's father was Isaac Abrahamson, who was born in Gestorf in July 1800 and died in Gestorf in March 1869. His wife was Jeanette, née Wolff, born in Mehle on January 23, 1808, and died in Gestorf on May 12, 1904. They had four children, of whom Selma was the youngest. Who the others were I don't know. But I remember their house in Gestorf opposite the village church very well indeed, because as children we visited what was left of that part of the family once or twice with our mother. The house was inhabited at that time by a very old lady named Tante Rickchen, who must have been either a sister or, more likely, a sister-in-law of Selma, and by two unmarried Abrahamsons, Onkel Julius and Tante Ella. Tante Rickchen died in the early 1930s; Julius and Ella Abrahamson never emigrated, as far as I know, and must have perished in the holocaust.

Apart from Ida, Meyer and Selma Weinberg had three other children. The eldest was Tante Helene, who was born in Hemeringen on September 28, 1865. I remember her very well indeed. She never married and, to the best of my knowledge, spent all her adult life in the domestic service of others. When I was a child, she ran the household of a wealthy Jewish family in Bocholt. After her retirement in the early 1930s, she moved to Dortmund, where she lived in rented one- or two-room apartments. My mother was her favorite niece and of her grandnephews she liked me best. Ernest and I visited her often, and she would usually read stories to us and give us candy. Since she did not live far from our high school, we would visit her fairly regularly when we had a free period, which we always had when our gentile classmates would have their religious instruction. She was run over by a car and killed immediately on February 16, 1938. I well remember her funeral service, which was conducted by Emmanuel Goldschmidt, the father of Uncle Berthold (and husband of Tante Suse), whom you remember from Kew Gardens.

Less than a year after Tante Helene, her brother Iwan Weinberg was born in Hemeringen on May 8, 1866. He was always regarded as the "rich uncle". Ida, my grandmother, was his favorite sister, and he lavished gifts on my mother and on

Itti, who were his favorite nieces. He lived in Berlin, where he died in 1920. His wife was Elise (called "Lieschen"), née Ephraimson, and they had an adopted son named Rudolf, who later emigrated to South Africa. Tante Lieschen managed to get herself and much of her money to England after Hitler. I remember her only very vaguely, but she used to visit Itti and Trulla quite a bit until some difficulties arose between her and them. I don't know what happened to her, but believe that she went back to Berlin after the war.

Although Ida Weinberg came next in line, I shall first mention her younger brother Adolf. I have no birthdate for him, but infer from the will of Iwan, which I found among Trulla's papers, that Adolf had died by the time that will was made on September 10, 1919. He died in Berlin, where he lived at that time with his wife Amalie, née Wertheimer, having earlier lived in Dortmund. They had two sons and a daughter. Trulla, whom I consulted about these things, knew no more than that the daughter's name was Siddy. A Siddy Weinberg is indeed mentioned in Iwan's will among his nieces, but since he left less than half to her of what he left to his other nieces, I suspect that she had been somehow disowned by the family. The two sons were Werner, who was born in Dortmund on November 24, 1898, and Hanns, who was born in Dortmund on May 26, 1900. I knew both and you certainly knew Hanns. Werner emigrated to South Africa, where he was a very prosperous gynaecologist. I met him in the early 1960s, when he tried to establish himself in the U.S. and visited us at the time in Swarthmore; we were still living at 7 Crum Ledge Lane at that time, and his wife Rübchen came along, too. I remember that he found it difficult to settle in this country and that he returned to South Africa after a few years. He died there in the 1970s. Hanns was a lawyer in Berlin. He managed to emigrate to England shortly before the war and, being a very shrewd business man, established there the Antique Porcelain Company, starting with some valuable pieces that he had brought out with him from Germany. When we (and you) first met him, he had come to New York to open a branch of his company there in the late 1950s, which then became the headquarters of his enterprise. Mummy and I were invited to the very fancy opening: we rubbed elbows there with a lot of upper-class New Yorkers, there were musicians, and so much champagne flowed that I got slightly drunk. Hanns died in New York on June 20, 1976, and the business was taken over by his daughter Rotraut, who is married to the dentist David Beiny. We were in very occasional touch with them,

but, as of this writing, we last saw them at Trulla's memorial service in 1986. Hanns's wife, Lisa, née Wintel, was a good friend of Trulla's for a long time, until they fell out with one another not long before Trulla's death. Since that time, Lisa has avoided contact with any member of our family. Rotraut and David Beiny have two children. The elder, Michelle, is (or was) married in New York, where she worked as a lawyer; what the younger one, David, is now doing, I don't know. Rotraut also has a brother, Horst, who changed his name to Martin Vineyard and, as of last hearing, worked as a surgeon in Syracuse, New York.

My grandmother, Ida Weinberg, was born in Hemeringen on July 15, 1867. Her marriage to Levy Strauss took place on March 7, 1888, in Hemeringen, but the two must have moved immediately (or very soon thereafter) to Dortmund, where Levy Strauss was a wholesale merchant in grain. Their eldest daughter, Else, was born that same year on November 24. She married Leo Weinberg, who came from Fulda to work in her father's office, about 1919 or 1920, and they had one son, Hans (now Harold) Weinberg, born on July 28, 1921, who lived in Heidelberg Heights near Melbourne in Australia. Hans was less than three years old, when his father suddenly died (I think it was of brain hemorrhage) on March 3, 1924. Tante Else never married again. As long as I remember, she made her living as secretary of the Jewish community in Dortmund and struggled valiantly to bring up her son. She and Hans were very close to us, especially since Hans is only one year older than I. My father tried to be a father to Hans, and, although that sort of thing was never talked about in our house, I suspect that he also contributed to his and Else's financial support. Hans came to England a few months after Ernest and I did, but our contacts with him were sporadic, since he lived in Ealing (outside London) while Ernest and I lived first in Ramsgate and later in Bournemouth, and neither he nor we had enough money to travel. Tante Else never succeeded in emigrating; like my parents she was deported to Theresienstadt, and, according to my mother's last letter, died there on July 31, 1944. Hans was interned in England a little after I was, and he was among those who were sent to Australia, where, incidentally, he met your Uncle Steve. He joined the army after his release from camp, and after he was demobilized married an Irish-Australian girl named Aileen. You met his daughter Marie Else, born February 23, 1947, when she came to Swarthmore to visit us on her honeymoon with her husband Barry Klein. Hans was a retired

bookkeeper and accountant, when he died a few years ago. I am still in occasional touch with Marie, who lives in Bulleen, a suburb of Melbourne.

My mother Hedwig was the second of the six daughters of Levy and Ida Strauss. But I shall first talk about her younger siblings. Next after her came Grete, born in Dortmund on December 19, 1890. As long as I knew her she lived in Berlin, where she was married to Richard Jonas and had with him a daughter, Eva, who was born in Berlin on October 1, 1923, i.e., she was about six months younger than Ernest. She was a very lovely and beautiful girl, and the few occasions on which she came to visit us in Dortmund were always a great event. We were also very fond of Tante Grete and Onkel Richard, who came with her on one occasion, when I remember they brought us toy versions of a drum worked with a foot-pedal and other percussion instruments of the kind played in jazz bands by one person, i.e., triangle, cymbal, etc. Onkel Richard was a lot of fun and entertained us with his piano playing. But as I was told later, he was also quite a philanderer, and that seems to have been the reason why he and Grete got divorced ca. 1930. Not long thereafter, about 1934, I remember a lot of excitement and telephone calls between my parents and Tante Grete one Sunday ca. 1934: Richard had suddenly vanished and was soon found dead as a suicide. As I mentioned earlier, financial affairs were never discussed in the presence of us children, but I have the impression that Grete depended on his alimony payments, which now ceased. In any event, she moved with Eva into a small apartment on Schlüterstrasse in Berlin, and eked out a living by sewing gloves and decorative flowers. But she was a lovely, warmhearted, and generous woman, very fat, and we loved her dearly. When Ernest and I visited Berlin for the first time for the Olympic Games in 1936, Ernest stayed with her, while I stayed with a client of my father on the Kurfürstendamm, who had invited one of us to stay with her. And upon our release from the concentration camp in December 1938, Tante Grete was the person for whom we headed before going home to Dortmund. In fact, that is the last time we saw Tante Grete and Eva. They never managed to leave Germany, and I believe that both were killed ca. 1943. Eva, I seem to have heard, was married to someone at that time, who also lost his life to the Nazis.

Else, Hedwig, and Grete were the only Strauss girls ever to be married, and my mother was the only one whose marriage was smooth and happy. The three

youngest, Elfriede (called Friedchen), born March 4, 1892, Gertrude (Trulla), born September 18, 1893, and Louise (Lieschen, named Itti by her nephews and niece), born September 3, 1895, never got married. They lived together in their parents' three-story house on Zweite Kampstrasse 18, and my parents moved into the ground floor of that house when they were first married. It is in that house that I and Ernest were born. Friedchen was a teacher at the Jewish elementary school, where her colleagues and close friends were the three Schanzer girls: Tante Suse (later the wife of Berthold Goldschmidt) and her unmarried sisters Alice and Helma. She was a very cultivated lady who travelled a lot and even went to visit Paris at a time when foreign travel was fairly unusual among middle-class German Jews. I always went to her when I had trouble with my homework in the first two grades. She died of a strep throat while on a vacation in Freudenstadt on August 26, 1930. I remember that we were in Sichtigvor at the time, when my mother was called to the railroad station to take a telephone call (practically no one in Sichtigvor had a phone at that time, and all important calls came to the railroad station); she returned in tears and completely distraught with the sad news, since she had been particularly close to Friedchen. She immediately left for Dortmund, and my father went to Freudenstadt to bring her mortal remains home. Friedchen was only 38 at the time of her death, the first of the sisters to die. She is buried on the Hauptfriedhof in Dortmund, where Mummy and I visited her grave when we went through Germany on our way to Rome in September 1986.

Trude ran a very fancy chocolate and coffee store in Dortmund, located in the center of the city, near the market place. It had originally been bought by her father for her and her sister Grete, but when Grete married, Trulla took over. Her customers came from the uppermost social classes: industrialists, directors of coal and iron mines, owners of big department stores, doctors, lawyers, etc., and she was always very deferential to her clientele. The store was on the way to and from the Gymnasium, and Ernest and I often stopped by because we could usually count on getting a piece of chocolate. In addition, whenever we got a test back in school, Trulla would give us 5 pfennige for a "B" and 10 pfennige for an "A". Sometimes during vacations we made a little pocket money by making deliveries to her customers on our bicycles.

As children, Itti was our very favorite aunt. She and Trulla (and, until her death, also Friedchen) lived together all their lives, except for short periods in England, when they had jobs in different households. Itti was always rather frail. She was in Germany never gainfully employed but ran the household for Trulla and herself. She was easy-going and spoiled us quite a bit. In addition, she was very musical and played the piano quite well. Her favorite opera was "Carmen", and she would spend hours playing the opera to us on the piano and singing the more notable songs. Their house on Zweite Kampstrasse 18 was just down the street from Zweite Kampstrasse 3, where my parents moved when I was about three or four years old, and we visited them very very often. On that same street, about half-way between our house and the aunts' was the Jewish Elementary School, where Friedchen taught and which both Ernest and I attended.

My mother, Hedwig, was, as already mentioned, born as the second child of Levy and Ida Strauss on November 27, 1889. For reasons that can't quite understand (and to which Trulla did not know the answer, either), she was not brought up by her parents but by her maternal grandparents in Hemeringen. I'm not sure how old she was when she went there, but she can't have been much more than 3 or 4 years old. All I was told that, on a visit by my grandparents to Hemeringen, Ida's parents said: "Why don't you leave the little one with us?", and that that offer was accepted. Since Else, Hedwig, and Grete were born within a year of one another, I can imagine that my grandmother felt that she had too much on her hands, appreciated the relief (possibly in the expectation that Hedwig wouldn't stay in Hemeringen very long), and agreed to leave Hedwig there, when she saw how much she meant to her parents. But that is only a guess. In any event, there is no indication whatever that my mother ever felt abandoned or resented that her parents had left her with her grandparents; on the contrary, she was very devoted both to her grandparents and her parents, and was always happy to have been brought up in the country. She got all her schooling in the village school in Hemeringen. She took Ernest and me on a visit there about 1930, and on that occasion we were also introduced to Mr. Hillebrecht, who had been her teacher. There are pictures taken on that visit in one of my photo albums.

I don't know how long my mother stayed in Hemeringen. Since her grandmother died in 1898, when my mother was nine years old, and her

grandfather eight years later, she must have left soon thereafter. From there she went to Cologne, where she stayed with her Tante Helene and had some schooling in French, English, sewing, cooking, etc., presumably at some finishing school. I know that she was friendly there with Hans Wilhelm Steinberg, who later became the conductor of the Pittsburgh orchestra, and his brother Walter. I have in my library a book, Rudolf Baumbach, *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*, which they gave to her on June 5, 1906, and inscribed: "Zur freundl. Erinnerung der lieben 'grossen' Hedwig von ihren treuen Freunden Wilhelm und Walter Steinberg" ("To our dear 'big' Hedwig in friendly remembrance from her loyal friends Wilhelm and Walter Steinberg"). She went to many concerts and operas there, and probably developed her liking for art in the local museum. There is a considerable gap in my knowledge also about what happened between her stay in Cologne and her engagement to my father in 1920. The presumption is that she went to Dortmund to stay at her parents' house at some point before war broke out in 1914, and that she spent the war years in Dortmund. Nor do I know how long she had been Dr. Frank's secretary by the time she met my father. Of the beginning of their courtship I have one piece of evidence, a book by Wilhelm Bode, *Der Weimarer Musenhof*, inscribed: "Dr. Max Ostwald s/l. Frl. Hedwig Strauss zur frdl. Erinnerung an die gemeinsame Tätigkeit in den Gerichtsferien 1919 und mit herzlichem Danke für die tatkräftige Unterstützung. Dortmund, d. 6. Sept. 1919" ("Dr. Max Ostwald to his dear Miss Hedwig Strauss to remember their cooperation in the lawcourt recess of 1919 with cordial thanks for her energetic support. Dortmund, September 6, 1919"). At that time, my mother's father had been dead for just two months (he died of an embolism in his leg), and her mother was to die some six months later. And a month after that, on April 25, 1920, my parents got engaged. I remember being told one story about the time of their courtship. It was the time immediately after the end of the war and there was a considerable food shortage in Germany. One day, when my father got hold of some meat, he sent it to my mother, but was very surprised that she never thanked him for it. So on their next date he asked her whether his package had ever reached her. My mother blushed and apologized for not thanking him. "Did you enjoy the meat?", my father asked. Blushing even more, my mother replied: "I'm sorry, but I had to throw it away, because it was horse meat."

As already mentioned, the wedding took place in Dortmund on December 19, 1920, and thirteen months later, I was born.

II. CHILDHOOD: 1922-33

January 15, 1922, the day of my birth, was a Sunday, and a lot of fuss was always made about the fact that I was a "Sunday child". A lot of fuss was made for another reason, too: I was the first male to be born into the Ostwald family since my father. He was the only male in his generation, and all his three sisters had exclusively female offspring. To have male offspring was important to most German-Jewish families, and it was also important for Germans living in the country, because that way the family name would be perpetuated. I was told that the first reaction of my father to my birth was: "Unser Mama wird verrückt werden!" ("Mama [referring of course to his own mother] will go out of her mind with happiness"). A telegram was at once dispatched to Sichtigvor, and the elderly postmistress (Fräulein Vetter) ran from her post office in Mühlheim half a mile away all the way up the hill to our house to deliver it personally to my grandmother. A week later Oma came to Dortmund to hold me at my Brit Milah. I was born at home at Zweite Kampstrasse 18 (hospital births were very rare in those days) and the doctor who delivered me was my mother's cousin, Onkel Otto Schild. In following a family tradition going back to my great-grandfather, I was given a name starting with the letter "M".

I ought to mention here that very soon after my birth my mother started some kind of a diary for me, in which she entered every congratulatory note that arrived. After that, she made some sporadic entries only. I was given this diary on my Bar Mitzvah. My father wrote a very moving message into it (which I intend to translate later in this narrative), and I added some entries later, whenever something that moved me happened. The relevant parts of that will also be translated in their proper place. That book is still in my possession: it was one of the few things I took with me out of Germany when we left in 1938. There is also a

very beautiful small book in which my mother recorded my weight for the first few months of my life.

Although I do not remember it, the first important event in my life took place exactly fourteen months after I was born. On March 15, 1923, was the birthday of my brother Ernst Levy, whose second name commemorated my maternal grandfather. It is very difficult to put into words how very close we were to one another. It was not only a matter of being close in age, and certainly not at all a matter of being similar in temperament. Even the little you are likely to remember of your Uncle Ernest will include the difference between us. Ernest was much more outgoing than I am; he was very quick-witted; much more intelligent than I; and a much better student in school. He was always thin, I on the fat side. (In fact, I was often referred to as "Der Dicke" ["fatso"]). Somehow our differences complemented one another's. I had a tremendous admiration of him and he for me. We always did everything together and were never separated from one another until February 1939, when, as I will describe later, he found a job as a waiter in Bournemouth a few weeks before I did; I had to stay a little longer in the farm camp where the English refugee committee had accommodated us, but then I, too, got a waiter's job in Bournemouth. Because of the different locations of the hotels in which we worked, we no longer lived in the same house, and when internment came we were separated permanently, because I was interned first and soon sent to Canada; by the time he was interned, no more refugees were sent overseas.

The memories of the first six years of my life are very hazy indeed. I was told when Minna Wigrewe, who was my nursemaid (and whom I actually vaguely remember), carried me on her arms to show me my baby brother for the first time, I said: "Puppa, soll nicht in meine Heia!" ("A doll, don't put it in my crib"). Soon after I had learned to walk, I toddled into the kitchen, opened a cupboard, and pulled out the meatgrinder, which promptly landed on my right big toe. As a result, the growth of its nail has been freaky ever since. My very earliest spotty memories go back to scenes in the hospital, into which I was taken at age 3 to have my appendix removed. I seem to remember a mask being placed on my face for the anaesthetic and to be given drink from a cup with a spout. I also vaguely remember my mother being with me in the hospital room all the time. The operation was performed by Professor Henle. Another memory of this whole period is the

paediatrician who looked after us. He was a lovely man with a deep gentle voice, Dr. Fritz Levy. Ernest and I loved him, and we were very sad, when he died (from nicotine poisoning, I seem to remember) in the early 1930s. I also have a vague recollection of being on a boat in rough seas, when I was about 4 or 5 years old. That must have been en route to either Binz on the island of Rügen or Norderney, where our mother took us in successive summers for vacations. When I was five, my tonsils were clipped by Dr. Hans Lion in his office. What I remember about that is that, before giving me the anaesthetic, he asked me to count as far as I could, and I promptly and proudly told him that I could count up to 16.

It must have been early in this period that we moved from Zweite Kampstrasse 18, the house that used to belong to my maternal grandfather, Levi Strauss, to Zweite Kampstrasse 3. It was a big three-storey house, of which we occupied the first two floors. We had a store room and larder on the top floor to store the preserves my mother made every year; the rest of it was rented to a couple called Korbmacher. The house was not ours; we rented it from the city. We lived there until about 1937, when we were evicted as being Jewish, and moved then to an apartment at Schwanenwall 46. The bottom floor had a large living room, dining room, men's parlor, and a big kitchen with a larder right next to it. Upstairs were our playroom with bathroom right next to it, one big bedroom for Ernest and me, and another for my parents, and a big guest room. In addition, there was a small room for the maid. There was one toilet on the landing between the two floors and another along the passage that led from the groundfloor into the garden. As in England, toilets were usually separate and not part of the bathroom.

The garden was fairly big and Ernest and I spent most of our time playing there. It consisted of a big bordered lawn around which there was a gravel path, lined with beds of fern. On the lawn we had a tall pear tree, from which the birds benefitted more than we did, and in the far left corner was a chestnut tree, around which a table had been built on which afternoon coffee was served, when we had guests. But most important of all, part of the garden was fenced off for the doghouse, which was the home of Kuno, a lovely and gentle German shepherd dog, whom we loved dearly and who was an important part of our childhood. When my father had to put him to sleep about 1935, it was a very sad occasion for the whole family.

Our household ménage consisted not only of the family, but also a maid to do the heavy work, such as cleaning, washing, and cooking and a nanny to take care of Ernest and me, so as to give our mother time to engage in the kind of social activities that were expected of a good bourgeois housewife. These included in our mother's case very active engagement in the Jüdische Frauenbund, a Jewish women's organization concerned with social work among indigent Jews, much like the Hadassah in this country and in Israel. In addition, she was also very active in the Chevra Kadisha, which prepared the dead for burial in the Jewish tradition. After Tante Friedchen's death in 1930, we no longer kept a nanny; for a while we had a part-time lady to take care of us between the end of the schoolday and dinner, but, as far as I remember, that lasted for less than a year. Every Monday was laundry day. We had a washing machine, driven by water power in the basement, and a washing woman came to help our maid with the job. Then there was also a seamstress, who would come every now and then to repair torn clothes and do simple sewing jobs on our sewing machine. The main meal in Germany used to be consumed at midday; in our house usually between 1 and 2 p.m. It was always a warm three-course family meal in the dining room, served by the maid, who, together with nanny, had her meal in the kitchen. One constant participant in that meal throughout the 1930s was our cousin Ilse Klein (later married to Richard Spiegel). She commuted every day from Langendreer to Dortmund, where she worked as section head in a very fancy shoe store. The evening meal consisted mainly of sandwiches and cold cuts and was taken about 8 p.m. One of the rules established by our parents was that we had to eat whatever was put on our plate, except that we could choose any two items that would be exempted from that rule. In my case the two items were asparagus (which I now love) and tomatoes (which I still don't like in their raw state). For our birthdays we could determine the menu. I always asked for roast goose and strawberries with whipped cream for dessert.

Apart from the trips to Binz and Norderney, our travelling was largely confined to Sichtigvor to visit our Oma. It is with Sichtigvor that the happiest and most carefree times of my life are associated. My father was very close to his mother and went to visit her about every other Sunday. Since he was inordinately fond of hiking (both by himself and in company), he would usually take the train to

some spot, from which he could hike through the beautiful forest (Arnsberger Wald) to Sichtigvor in two or three hours and then come home by train at night. He would then carry a rucksack with provender along, and would often bring back with him some goodies from Oma for Ernest and me. On those Sundays we would take walks with our mother in one or another of the lovely parks near Dortmund, visit the aunts, or spend time with Tante Else and Hans, with whom we were also very close in age as well as in feeling. On some occasions, we would all go to Sichtigvor together for a day or more, but there were regularly two or three periods each year (Christmas, Easter, and the summer), when our parents would take us to Sichtigvor and leave us there for two weeks or more, and go themselves on vacations to the Alps or some other nice place, mainly to go hiking by themselves or with some friends. In fact, from the time that I started going to school in 1928 until Oma's death in 1934, there was not a single vacation which Ernest and I did not spend in Sichtigvor.

To get from Dortmund to Sichtigvor took about an hour. You took a train to Soest, where you changed into a rural train that connected Soest with Brilon, and on which Sichtigvor was one of the stops. The train was popularly called the "Bimmelbahn", because the engine had a bell that rang constantly. The nice thing about changing trains was that we always were treated to a glass of raspberry juice ("Himbeersaft") between trains at the station in Soest. At the station in Sichtigvor Frieda (and in our early years sometimes also Oma) were waiting, and together we would traipse the two hundred yards or so to our house. It was a big half-timbered house with the beams painted black and the rest whitewashed. The roof was made of slate; under the eaves there were always swallows' nests. Five or six steps led to a stoop, flanked by cast-iron benches on either side, where Oma would sit with us in the evenings. As one entered the house, the living room (which was also the dining room) was on the left; on the right there was the "Laden", the shop in which my grandfather and great-grandfather sold clothes and textiles. You entered the store through a smaller oblong room, which must originally have been used for storage; after my grandfather's death and until shortly after World War I, Oma used it for selling wooden clogs and chickenfeed. In our time, both it and the large actual store beyond it were only used for general storage. In fact, as far as I remember, the store itself, although it still contained its original counters and shelves, was only used for us and our friends to play in on rainy days. I remember

an occasion when we gave a performance of a puppet play in it for the family. It was also the scene of Oma's 80th-birthday celebration, of which more later.

Behind the living room was the spacious kitchen. It had a big stone sink and water was supplied by a handpump. There was a big coal-burning stove for cooking and in a corner next to it an old wooden chair, where Oma would usually be sitting doing her knitting. Opposite it was a counter for preparing food for cooking and on its corner stood the milk-separator, in which each evening cream would be extracted from some of the milk that the milking maid had taken from our cow. There was also a cylindrical upright vat for making butter and a net for making cottage cheese. We always had our own butter and milk, and often also cottage cheese, which was then often converted into "Kochkäse" (something like Limburg cheese). Behind the kitchen was a small dining room, which must originally have been for the hired help, but in our time it was partly a larder and sometimes we would have our meals there. A stairway led from the kitchen to the cowpen in the basement. As long as Oma was alive we always had a cow, and the cow had a calf regularly every year, fathered for pay at one of the local farms. We had two large meadows, about half a mile from the house, to which the cow would be taken every morning (usually by the maid) and from which Ernest and I, often with some of our friends, would bring it back into her pen for milking every evening. Calves were kept for some six to eight weeks and then sold to the local butcher. There was also a third meadow about two miles from the house, the grass of which was cut for hay every fall to feed the cow during the winter.

A steep stairway led from the hall to the upper floor. To the right of its head was first a small room in which the maid slept, and next to it a huge bedroom with some four or five beds and a coal stove. This is where Ernest and I usually slept. On the other side of the stair-head was Oma's bedroom, next to it another guest bedroom with two beds, and opposite it Frieda's room. Beyond the stair-head a very big room containing old newspapers and a square wooden box with a hole on top was the toilet. The excrement dropped straight onto the dung heap, which was emptied several times each year and its content used for manuring the garden. There was no toilet paper: newspaper was cut into squares for that purpose. All that changed in 1928, when the village laid a waterline, which not only brought tap water into the kitchen, but also caused the replacement of the box by a W.C.

The house had no bath and no washbasin. Each bedroom had a ceramic basin and a ewer for daily use, and every Friday night, a big zinc vat was brought into the kitchen, in which Frieda gave Ernest and me a bath. Water for that purpose was heated on the stove. Moreover, since the bedrooms were not heated, marble slabs were heated in the oven every winter evening, a towel was wrapped around them, and there were placed into each bed about half an hour before bedtime, so that the bed was nice and warm by the time we were ready to go to sleep.

The land we owned around the house was some four or five acres in size. On the gentle slope that rose behind the house (“Hammerberg”) was our potato field, and adjacent to it a patch of woods that descended into the dip through which a little brook flowed into the Möhne, one of the more important rivers of the Sauerland, which is the name of this part of Westphalia. It ended in a grassy incline on which stood two or three plum trees, which yielded lovely little round sweet plums. On the right as one faces the house there was a largish garden, which supplied most of the fruit and vegetables for the house. There were beans, peas, carrots, cabbage, lettuce, cauliflower, cucumbers, red beets, white beets, turnips, etc. We had rhubarb, gooseberries, red currants, apples, pears, and plums, and there were flowers all over the place. At one end, there was an arbor, which had a slate-topped table and benches in it. It wasn't used very much in my time, but I think my cousins Hella, Ilse, and Liesel used it quite a bit in their childhood. Many names of family members were scratched into it. They were copied by Willi Hecker and a copy of it is in my files. At Willi's suggestion, we placed it into a local museum. Opposite the garden towards the potato field stood an old barn, in which my great-grandfather and grandfather used to keep their horse and carriage. The latter I still remember playing on in my earliest days in Sichtigvor, but it was gone by ca. 1927. The main use of this barn was as a chicken coop and as a stable for the goat (named “Höpli”) which Oma kept for a while. The barn also had an upstairs, where the hay was stored that was cut from the more distant field that I mentioned above. It was used for feeding the cow in the winter. Incidentally, bringing in that hay was always a very special treat. Oma would hire neighbors to cut the grass (by hand with a scythe) and spread it for drying; when it had dried, it would be loaded on a horse-drawn wagon, a beam would be put on top and tied down at the sides so

as to keep the hay in place, and we would ride on top of the hay the two miles back to the house, where the hay was loaded into the loft of the barn.

Another smaller garden, also with fruit, vegetables, and flowers (and a favorite bench of Oma's) was on the other side of the house, on the left as you face it, just below the potato field. So we had always plenty of room to play in and we spent practically all our time outdoors. There was no danger from traffic. Hardly any cars were on the road in those days and most of the vehicles that passed the house would be horse-drawn—even more usually cow-drawn— wagons loaded with hay or farm produce.

The permanent inhabitants of the house were Oma, Frieda, and Emilie. Emilie Hillebrandt was a girl from the village, who did the hard work around the house: cleaning, washing, milking the cow, and so forth. She was still alive and was overjoyed to see us, when we visited Sichtigvor in 1986. Frieda's position was that of a companion and housekeeper. She was always regarded as a member of the family. Her parents had come to Germany from Poland in the early 1900s (I believe) and died when Frieda was still very young. Frieda was then sent to a Jewish agricultural school (Ahlem), where she learned housekeeping, and soon after the end of World War I, when Oma had recently been widowed, was taken into our house. In addition to getting room, board, and pay, Oma as well as her children regularly brought her sheets, blankets, dishes, clothes, and household articles to save as a dowry. But in a village, in which there were no other Jewish families, it was difficult for Frieda to have a social life, in which she would meet marriageable young men. If she resented or regretted that, she never told me so, and I don't think I am kidding myself in believing that she never harbored feelings of that sort. She had a brother, Fritz (now Ephraim), who emigrated first to Cyprus and then to Palestine as a farmer about the time that she came to Oma. He lived in Beth Yitzchak, where we visited him and his family in 1962. She also had a sister (I think her name was Warda), who also lived in Israel, but I am not sure where she lived while Frieda was in our house. Being orphaned, Frieda thus had no family except for us, and since she was utterly devoted to Oma and reciprocated our feelings for her, we were her family. An indication of that is the fact that all my cousins and myself have never lost contact with her, and even in Israel her closest friend was Liese Alexander, who after all was also a member of the Ostwald

family. Frieda stayed in the house until shortly after Oma's death. As far as I recollect, she then spent some time on the agricultural school (Ahlem) from which she had come to our house, and emigrated from there to Palestine by contracting a phoney marriage to a Jewish man, from whom she got divorced as soon as she was settled in Palestine. She made her living there by working as a housekeeper in various families until she retired into the pleasant retirement community in Haifa. As she got more and more frail she moved into a retirement home in Bet Yitzchak to be close to her family, where we visited her every time we were in Israel. She died there a few years ago. I am still in touch with her niece Esther and her husband Zvi Heller in Bet Yitzckak.

It is difficult for me to say anything significant about Oma. I was about 12 1/2 years old when she died at the age of 85 on October 17, 1934. My memories of her are, therefore, those of a child and may be gilded by the more than seventy years that have passed since I last knew her. If one considers that she was 73 and 74, respectively, when Ernest and I were born, it is remarkable that the company of two lively little boys in her otherwise quiet house was never too much for her. I do not remember her ever in a bad mood, never annoyed by our being too noisy, never raising her voice or rebuking us. For that matter, I don't remember her ever speaking ill of anyone. When there was someone ill in the village, she would send us to take some goodies to that person's house. She would play our table games with us, and she would tell us stories. I still remember a little ditty (of the "patty cake" variety) that she must have sung to us when we were about three years old. I also remember an occasion during the Easter vacations ca. 1932 or 1933, when she asked me to read her a letter which had arrived that day from my mother. It contained a sentence which ran something like: "Trude's (=Trulla) has made a thumping business this season; on one day alone she took in over 1,000 marks. But please don't tell the children; it's none of their business." When I had read that sentence, Oma said quietly: "I haven't told you anything about that, have I? But don't tell your mother that you know." She knew that we had a passion for the way she made waffles, and there'd always be at least one big waffle feast for us every vacation. I don't think she had an enemy in the village (or in the world, for that matter); that came home to me with special force when I listened to what people said about her on our visit to Sichtigvor in 1986. She radiated love and affection to such a degree that her house was regarded as the center of the family in the widest

sense. It is largely due to the impact she left on the community that a bronze memorial plaque was affixed to our house on November 9th, 2008. The seventieth anniversary of the "Crystal Night."

That Oma was the center of the family was especially evident on the celebration of her 80th birthday on January 29, 1929. I vividly remember the occasion. The entire family was present, including all kinds of cousins, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and so on. A big dinner was served in the store (the "Laden"), which usually stood empty. Ernest and I recited congratulatory poems which my mother had composed to celebrate the event, one of which I still remember, and I also remember most of the song she composed to be sung to the tune of a popular student song, which was sung after dinner by the whole assemblage. It celebrated, among other things, the demise of the old rickety toilet and sang the praises of the recently installed W.C. It also contained a reference to a remark she once made, when someone sent her a box of grapefruit, which were regarded as a rare delicacy in Germany at that time. Oma thought it was a pity to throw away the grapefruit peels instead of using them to put flowers in. So Ernest and I gave her a bunch of violets in half a grapefruit shell, and an accompanying poem duly recorded that gift.

Oma had neighbors over to the house for a cup of coffee almost every afternoon, and she had some very close friends among the Catholic sisters in the convent in Sichtigvor. When Frieda saw that her end was near on October 17, 1934, she sent to the convent to summon one of Oma's favorite sisters, and while Frieda said the "sh'ma yisrael" over her, the sister closed Oma's eyes and said one of her own prayers. Later she told my father that in the absence of a rabbi God would surely accept the last offices of a Catholic sister.

Oma's mortal remains were prepared in her house for the funeral. The simple coffin, prescribed by our religion, was made by the local carpenter, Mr. Eichhoff. My father, who went to Sichtigvor immediately on learning of her death, insisted on seeing his mother once more before the coffin was closed. He told me later that there was nothing he had done in his life that he regretted more: instead of remembering his mother as she had been active around the house, he could not get the image of her lying peacefully in her coffin out of his mind. The funeral to

which of course Ernest and I came was especially remarkable in view of the fact that Hitler was already in power and the general attitude to the Jews quite precarious. But in spite of that, the Veterans Organization of Sichtigvor insisted on providing the pallbearers and the hearse to take Oma to her grave, because they felt that, as the widow of one of its members, she was entitled to it. From our house to the Jewish cemetery in Warstein, where she was buried next to her husband, is a distance of about 7 miles. All members of the family and about fifty villagers walked behind the horse-drawn hearse all the way to the cemetery. The eulogy was delivered by a Jewish teacher, Mr. Fritzler, who came from a neighboring small town (Rüthen), where his family had been friends with ours for several generations. (Incidentally, in smaller German Jewish communities, the Jewish teacher, in addition to being responsible for the teaching of Hebrew and of religious studies, usually conducted services and officiated at funerals and weddings.) Some years ago, I translated that eulogy into English and gave it to you.

How did we spend our times in Sichtigvor? I already said that we were mostly outdoors, where there was unlimited space to play. Our playmates were the neighbors' children, especially the Peitz children, who lived directly opposite us. There were at least 12 of them. After all, Sichtigvor was entirely Catholic and there was no such thing as birth-control. Their father worked in the local chain factory, where heavy chains for ships and industrial use were manufactured by hand. Every worker had his own little furnace in which he would heat U-shaped pieces of steel rod and then hammer them into chain links on his anvil. Every day one of the children would have to take the father's hot lunch in two enamelled metal pots placed in a metal carrier to the factory (a distance of about 1 1/2 miles), and we would often accompany them. The father of another friend of ours, Fritz Flocke (or Amerikens Fritz, as he was called—more about that appellation later) had his own little smithy in which chains were made for the factory, and we spent much of our time in it watching the men work. Sometimes they would make a hoop for us from an odd steel rod.

I might as well insert here a remark on the names of the villagers. Although everybody had of course a first name and a surname for official purposes, people were ordinarily not called by their surnames but by the name of the original owner

of the house in which they lived, the first name following the name of the house. For example, although everybody knew that my name is Martin Ostwald, I would be referred to as "Menkens Martin". In other words, since my great-grandfather, Menke, had been the original owner of our house, our family was called "Menken"; Fritz Flocke's house belonged originally to a man called "Amerike", so that his family was "Ameriken", etc. One other peculiarity: although everybody knew how to speak proper German, most people spoke "plattdeutsch" or Low German. It is not a written language, but the language of the simple common people. Many of our friends had learned the proper (or "High") German only at school or in the church. To us city folks they would always speak in High German. But, for example, Oma would talk Low German to all her village friends. My father also spoke Low German fluently and would use it in his conversation with the villagers, whenever he came to Sichtigvor. He had many clients among them, who trusted him and regarded him as one of them. Ernest and I spoke a little Platt, but understood it well. That stood us in good stead later, when we went to Holland, for Dutch is fairly close to Westphalian Low German.

Our life in Sichtigvor was almost exclusively outdoors. When it rained, we took our friends into the large Laden in the house or else went to one of their homes to play. Our main games outdoors were hide-and-seek, flying kites, swimming in the Möhne, going for walks, etc. The kites we flew we made ourselves. The local carpenter would give us two slats, which we would nail together cross-shaped; grooves would be cut into the four ends and a piece of string laid through them to connect the four ends and make the frame of the kite. For the body of the kite we placed newspaper around the frame and glued it with a mixture of flour and water. One piece of string was attached to the front of the kite to attach the long kite-flying string to, and another to the bottom to make a tail into which we knotted either pieces of newspaper or of grass to give the whole thing balance. There were many meadows into which we would go to fly the finished product; our favorite was the public soccer field.

Another favorite activity was to make whistles from willow branches and (non-smokable) pipes from bullrushes. The spokes of old umbrellas were used to make bows from. We would bunch them together with pieces of wire, attach a piece of strong string to the ends, and then cut arrows from willow trees and tip

them with empty shells the forester gave us. That was lovely for target practice, and I must add that, as far as I remember, no one ever got hurt.

There were two highpoints to every year in Sichtigvor. One was the "Schützenfest" about mid-summer. It was arranged by and for the Veterans Organization and consisted of shooting down a wooden bird which had been fixed on top of a pole in the middle of a field. Each member would take a shot and the one whose shot got the bird down was declared "king" (and his wife or girl-friend "queen"). They were escorted around the village in a procession with a brass band, flags, etc., and of course we'd march along. Usually a travelling fun-fair came to Sichtigvor on this occasion with all kinds of booths, merry-go-rounds, and so forth. As already mentioned, the fact that my grandfather was a member of this Veterans organization made it supply the hearse on which Oma's coffin was transported to the Jewish cemetery in Warstein in 1934, even though Opa had been dead for 20 years by that time.

The other highpoint was harvest time, when the farmers helped one another cut and bring in the various kinds of grain (mainly rye and wheat, but also some barley) that they grew. The grain was cut manually with scythes, then loaded on waggons very much like the hay I mentioned earlier, and taken to the farmyard. There it was tossed into a big threshing machine, rented for the purpose, and the grain separated from chaff and straw. The grain was usually kept for making flour (or to be sold to a flour mill) and the straw kept as bedding for the farm animals. We loved watching the proceedings and often participated in throwing the grain into the hopper. I remember also one occasion on which Ernest and I participated with many of our friends in laying the roof for a farmer's barn. We formed a long chain from the floor to the roof, and each shingle was passed along to be put on the roof by whoever was stationed there. For the afternoon's work we were paid the munificent sum of 1 mark, which, however, gave us a sense of having worked for what we got. All this also gave a feeling of being accepted by the villagers for what we were: as the only Jewish family in Sichtigvor, to be sure, we were regarded as "different", and this was underscored by the fact that our permanent residence was in the big town, i.e., that Ernest and I, at least, were not part of the regular year-round scene. Still, we were no strangers, and there certainly was no anti-Semitism until shortly before the war. One of the clearest indications of that is

that on more than one occasion we were invited to participate together with our neighbors' children in the village celebration of the "Feast of the Magi" (Epiphany) on January 6th. This feast celebrates the homage paid, according to the New Testament, to the Christ-child by the three magi from the East. Teams of three children would dress up in masks and exotic costumes as the magi and go from house to house, singing in each a song about the magi and ending up with a request for money, very much as children do in this country on Halloween. That we were Jewish and did not believe in any of this disturbed neither the friends with whom we teamed up nor the people whose homes we visited.

I have stretched the limits of this chapter to approximately October 1934, when Oma died, since her death marks the end of our regular vacation visits to Sichtigvor, and thus an important marker in my life. There must now be added a brief account of my early schooldays. I entered school on April 17, 1928, at the normal age of six. In Germany at that time, all public elementary schools were denominational; that is, wherever numbers warranted it, there were separate elementary schools for Catholics, Protestants (mostly Lutherans), and Jews. Dortmund, being a large city, had a sufficiently large Jewish population to have its own Jewish elementary school, and it was run at public expense, though I am not sure whether the state or the municipality paid for it. (For the record, I ought to add that under the Weimar Republic one secular, i.e. religiously unaffiliated, public elementary school was opened in Dortmund, but its reputation was less good than that of the denominational schools.) Since a very large number of the students at the Jewish school were children of immigrants who had come from Poland after World War I, prejudice against socially inferior "Ostjuden" (Eastern Jews) prompted many Jews to send their children to private elementary schools instead. I am proud to say that my parents did not share that prejudice and that Ernest and I were sent to the Jüdische Volksschule. Among the teachers at that school were our aunt Friedchen Strauss (who died in 1930) and Alice Schanzer, a sister of Tante Suse. Tante Suse herself also taught there before she got married, and her father-in-law, Emmanuel Goldschmidt, had taught there until his retirement. It was a good school, and its characteristic was that we had regular instruction in Jewish customs, prayers, and history, and began to learn Hebrew in second grade. As in all elementary schools, boys and girls attended the same school, but were kept in separate classes. But a boys' class might have a female teacher, and a girls' class a

male. Our school was located just a block from our house on the Zweite Kamp Strasse when I entered it, but it was relocated to a larger building only a little further away when I entered third grade.

I might add that a lot of fuss was made about the first day of school. You were given a decorated paper funnel filled with candy, and the myth was that the funnel would be used in school to pour knowledge into your head. After school, we were taken to a professional photographer to immortalize this momentous occasion. Pictures of Ernest and myself on our first school days are in our albums.

Elementary schools in Germany had eight grades, but only those who wanted to enter a trade stayed for all eight. Parents who wanted their children to have a higher education sent them to high school after four years of elementary school. Contrary to elementary schools, high schools were not denominational, except for one Catholic high school in Dortmund. Moreover, there were separate high schools for boys and girls. The choice was mainly along the line of schools with a classical curriculum (Gymnasium) and schools with an orientation toward mathematics, science and modern languages (Oberrealschule). Both types of school had eight grades, and both had very few elective subjects. The difference was only one of emphasis: the Gymnasium also had science, mathematics, and modern languages, but these met less frequently than classes in language and literature. The Oberrealschule offered eight years of French, five years of English, and eight years of mathematics and the different sciences (physics, chemistry, biology, geography). The Gymnasium required eight years of Latin, six years of French, and five years of Greek, mathematics, and sciences. In addition, there were two optional years of Hebrew and three optional years of English. World history was required in both kinds of school as was music, drawing, and physical education. There was no Gymnasium for girls; all girls' schools were of the Oberrealschule type.

On our father's insistence, who had himself gone to a Gymnasium, Ernest and I entered the Municipal Gymnasium (Städtisches Gymnasium) in 1932 and 1933 respectively. It was the second oldest Gymnasium in Westphalia, founded in 1543. In 1934 its name was changed to Hitler Gymnasium, when Hitler was made an honorary citizen of Dortmund. Despite that infamous name, it was the last high

school in Dortmund to close its door to Jews. That was on November 10, 1938. It is now again called Städtisches Gymnasium. I last visited it in November 2001, when I was awarded an honorary doctorate by the University of Dortmund. A photo of me in front of a bronze plaque near the entrance of the school commemorating the Jewish students who had been expelled from the school in 1938 is in my files.

III. CHILDHOOD: 1933-38

1. Preliminaries

Dates are not and cannot be exact markers. Life is a continuum which, to be sure, begins and ends at clearly definable points. But in between it just goes on without natural divisions into segments. That is why I had to include in the last chapter, which nominally ends in 1933, Oma's death in October 1934, because in many important ways it was that that concluded one important segment of my life. For a similar reason, I have to begin this chapter a little before 1933: the appointment of Hitler as Chancellor of Germany on January 30, 1933, marked an important turn in the life of every German Jew, and the way I experienced the new period as a schoolboy justifies my making it the beginning of a new chapter. Yet I think its immediate antecedents, to the extent that they are engraved in my memory, are important for understanding how I saw the events between 1933 and my departure from Germany on December 13, 1938.

I have some clear memories of the political situation in Germany in 1932, which was to be the last year of the Weimar Republic. As you no doubt know, Germany was an Empire until the end of World War I, when the Kaiser fled to Holland and a Republic was established, headed by a President, who was to serve for a period of seven years. Friedrich Ebert, a Social Democrat, was the first President, and he was succeeded in 1925 by Paul von Hindenburg, a conservative Prussian Junker, who had gained fame as the general who defeated the Russians in World War I in the Battle of Tannenberg. His term was up in 1932 and new elections were held. What made the political situation more explosive than it would

have normally been was that, with the United States and the rest of Europe, Germany was involved in an economic depression. Unemployment, hunger, and poverty exacerbated conditions which were already harder than in many other countries, because Germany was still paying off debts and reparations incurred by a lost war. The fact that there were some 33 parties (if I remember correctly) fielding candidates for election to the Reichstag (Parliament) and about five or six candidates for the Presidency did not make matters any easier. There were constant demonstrations in the streets, marches of uniformed S.A. men with bands and banners competing with Communists, and Social Democrats. Often our parents were concerned for our safety on the way to and from school.

In each election district, a distinguished citizen was asked to supervise the elections for President and for the Reichstag. The fact that my father was appointed to that position in our district was not only a feather in his cap, but also indicates that in that respect there was no discrimination against Jews. Hindenburg won the election; but his majority over his other five or six opponents was not large enough to be decisive. A run-off election had to be held a few weeks later, in which he was opposed by his runner-up, Hitler. Hindenburg won that round, too, and was duly sworn in as President; but the Nazis emerged as the strongest party in parliament, though less strong than the combined opposition. The result were several months of instability: Hindenburg appointed one party head after another as Chancellor (=prime minister), but none could maintain himself in office very long, because the Nazis needed only one or two other parties to vote along with them in parliament to topple the government. Finally, on January 30, 1933, Hindenburg appointed his chief rival, Hitler, to form a government.

2. The Early Nazi Years

I remember very clearly how my father came home for lunch on that day, saying: "Thank God, there is still such a thing as the German law," a statement, which, I think, not only reflects his profound faith in the basic health of his country, but also shows in retrospect how unimaginable the horrors that lay in the future were to upright men like him at the time. But it did not take long before he

experienced on his own person what was going on. Only a few weeks after the Nazis had gained power, stormtroopers invaded the house of a kosher butcher, dragged him into the yard of the local prison, and seared his beard. My father was asked by the "Centralverein Deutscher Staatsbürger Jüdischen Glaubens" (Central Union of German Citizens of the Jewish Faith), of which he was a leading member, to prepare the case for a legal proceeding against the Nazis. One of the purposes of the C.V., as it was called for short, was, like that of the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nei Brith in this country, to defend the civil rights of Jews. My father spent a lot of time interviewing the butcher and looking for witnesses. The brief of specifics turned out to be rather long, and since the secretaries in his own office were rather busy, he asked my aunt Else Weinberg (my mother's older sister and mother of Harold), who was secretary to the Jewish Community of Dortmund, to type it up for him.

And then the unforeseen happened. One of the busybodies who usually hang around in the offices of the Jewish congregation saw the report. He asked Tante Else to make some extra copies for him, which he intended to send to an acquaintance of his who was a friend of Hitler, in the hope that the detailed account of the brutalities and atrocities committed against the butcher would wean the acquaintance away from Hitler. But predictably, he achieved the opposite result: the man forwarded the report to higher quarters—allegedly Hitler himself, who handed it on to his then crony "Putzi" Hanfstaengl. The stage was thus set for action against my father.

As it happened, about the same time (it was about March 1933) my cousin Hilde Halle and her husband Gerhard had moved to England. Their move had originally nothing to do with the accession of Hitler to power: the textile business, in which Gerhard was, had come upon very bad days in Germany, and already before January 30, 1933, Gerhard had decided to transfer his business to England. My father was now accused of having prepared so many copies of the report in order to send it to the Halles to spread propaganda against Nazi atrocities in England. Papa was arrested and spent some ten days in prison. Then he was released through the intervention of some influential friend, whose identity I do not know. I suspect the whole thing was staged merely to intimidate anyone daring to attempt to bring a Jewish civil rights case to court. During the ten days that he was

in prison, the police searched our house for "subversive" materials and confiscated a number of books. Together with other "subversive" books, confiscated from other Jews, these were burned in a public bonfire on the market place in Dortmund early in April. All these events are still clearly engraved in my mind, although I was only 11 years old at the time.

The bonfire formed part of general measures against the Jews, publicly staged on April 1st, 1933. Weeks before, the day had been publicly declared as a day of protest against the Jewish presence in the economic life of Germany. Posters had been stuck up all over the city proclaiming sentiments such as: "He who deals with the Jew deals with the devil," "German Christmas with gifts from Jewish stores? What an outrage!", etc. Nazis guarded the doors of Jewish shops to prevent people from entering; demonstrations against Jews were staged in the streets by the S.A. It was quite a shock not only in itself, but also in that no voice of protest was raised. Civil disobedience is not part of the German tradition.

Nevertheless, the Jews were shaken, but still regarded the whole thing as a transient phenomenon, because, by and large, life did go on after April 1st as it had gone on before. I can say that only from the myopic perspective of an 11-year-old. For example, Ernest and I were still members of a gentile athletic club for boys, where we did apparatus work, went in for field events, played soccer and indulged in other sports. It was not until about a year later that we were barred.

Initially, we had not much trouble at school, either. There was no problem about Ernest's admission to the Gymnasium in April 1933. There were, to be sure, occasional untoward incidents during breaks between classes: sometimes children refused to play with us, or would gang up against us and try to beat us up. Most of the time, however, a supervising teacher would intervene. But that sort of thing stopped immediately when our father had the brilliant idea of having us take boxing lessons with a former German lightweight champion, Erich Trippe. As soon as it became known that we were taking these lessons, all rowdyism ceased. We were fairly well respected by our classmates, because we were good students, who could be called upon to help weaker ones with their work. That was true especially of Ernest, who was usually at the top of his class. I was a less good student, because I always had difficulties with maths and sciences, whereas Ernest excelled

in them as well as in Latin, French, and Greek. Still, I don't remember that we were ever invited to visit the home of a gentile classmate: socially, the Jewish boys stuck to themselves.

Teachers made a lot of difference. For the first two years of high school I had a notorious anti-Semite as my homeroom teacher, Otto Mühlenbeck, who had been a member of the Nazi party since well before Hitler came to power. His anti-Semitism was usually expressed in snide remarks about Jews. I remember one occasion, when he asked for a show of hands of boys whose families came from the country. When I raised my hand, he said: "Nonsense! Jews don't live in the country." Ernest was more fortunate in his homeroom teacher. What saved the situation was that Mühlenbeck was so primitive and stupid that most of the boys did not respect him, and therefore paid little attention to what he said. None of the teachers I had in the 6 1/2 years at the Gymnasium were as objectionable as Mühlenbeck, and many were very kind. My favorite was August Niemeyer, our Latin teacher, whom I loved very dearly. Unfortunately, he died fairly young, when I was in my third or fourth grade of high school. Looking back on my schoolyears, I think it is by and large true that the most humane teachers I had were those who taught Latin and Greek, and that may well be one of the reasons for my love of the Classics. Could it be that it was their devotion to the Classics that made them more humane than the rest? The fact that Ernest, too, received the kindest treatment from his Latin and Greek teachers leads me to believe that that may well be the case. For despite his excellence in these subjects, Ernest was, as far as I remember, never tempted to make Classics his life's work. In fact, I think in retrospect that his many talents stood in his way of choosing a profession as singlemindedly as I was later able to do.

The situation at the Gymnasium became progressively more oppressive between 1933 and 1938. But it never became completely unbearable. Practically all our classmates became members of the Hitler Youth, and for a long time I envied them for being able to wear a uniform and participate in activities from which I was excluded. But there were no major exclusions from school activities: to the very end I remained the goalie of the soccer team of our class, and one year, I think it was in 1936 or 1937, I was not excluded from a wonderful two-week stay of the class in a holiday camp in Hilgert in the Westerwald (the country near the junction

of the Rhine and the Moselle rivers). Some of the teachers came along, so that we had some classes, but there were also plenty of games, excursions, and sightseeing. One of my most vivid memories is a trip to look at the remnants of the *limes*, the fortification line built by the Romans against the Germans.

However, we became very sensitive about our Jewishness, largely because there were always some teachers who made offensive remarks about Jews and because there were always some kids that were anti-Semites. Whenever we were assigned a new classroom at the beginning of the school year—in Germany all classes (except those involving lab apparatus or other special equipment) were held in the homeroom—I deliberately made a beeline for a bench in which no one was sitting yet, afraid that a classmate might say that the Jew forced his company upon him. But there were always kids who came to sit next to me. What hurt most was that occasionally teachers told us to stay away from class. For example, we were barred from biology classes when Nazi racial theories were expounded, or from music classes when Wagner's music, of which the Nazis made very much, came up for discussion. What I am sure was not discussed in the class which I thus missed was the fact that the person to whom Wagner was indebted for performing his music at all was the Jewish conductor Hermann Levy.

On these occasions, it was exclusion that hurt. But there were also times when we were not told to stay away and had to be present, when a young teacher, an arch-Nazi named Oskar Birkenberg, spent a whole class period showing slides of very ugly cartoons of various types of Jews with appropriate comments: the Jewish usurer, the Jewish war profiteer, the Jewish stockbroker, etc. It was disgusting as well as humiliating. But remarks intended to humiliate could also work in reverse: I remember one time when our art teacher, Karl Hoffmann, asked us to identify a famous picture in which a legendary German "man of the mountains" is seen haunting a "German" forest with his big oak club. When it turned out that I was the only one able to come up with the correct answer—it was "Rübezahl" by Moritz von Schwindt—he exclaimed: "How can you claim to be good German boys, if you need a Jew to give you this information?" I felt embarrassed and proud of myself at the same time. But of course it was not a normal, natural environment in which to grow up and go to school. More and more of the other Jewish boys left, either to learn some trade with a view to emigration,

or to go to school abroad. Among the latter in my class was Uli (now Richard) Koppel, Vera Sander's brother, who was sent to school in England about 1937. From then on, Ernest and I were each the only Jews in our respective classes. There were some few Jewish boys still in the lower grades.

Why did our parents not take us out of school and send us elsewhere? I know that after November 1938 our parents were tormented by terrible guilt feelings about that. I remember my mother reproaching herself on the day we left Germany that we had not been sent away earlier. Still, there were many and good reasons why they kept us at home. One was that the closeness of our family made a voluntary separation unthinkable both for our parents and for us. In addition, although we were not poor, my father did not have the kind of money required to send Ernest and me to school abroad. Apart from that, my parents had no foreign connections that could have helped: Hilde and Gerhard Halle had three children of their own and had to take care of Tante Johanna and their own brothers and sisters, and all the rest of our family, both on my father's and on my mother's side was still in Germany. The only ones to leave (and that was not until mid-1938) were Hella and her husband Jülle and their daughter Marlene, who was six years old at the time. My father was not only afraid of emigration—"What can I do abroad with my German law?," he used to say— but he also felt that, as the only man in a family of women (remember that the siblings of both my parents were all female), he could not leave until the women were taken care of. Moreover, as I indicated above, the situation at school was not completely intolerable. There were two occasions on which the possibility of taking us out of school were seriously weighed. One was when there was an opportunity for me to be apprenticed in a factory in Berlin that made chemical dyes. Papa took me to Berlin to look at the factory, but we both agreed that it was so dreary that it would be better to stay in school. The other was when, on a trip to Frankfurt, my father investigated the possibility of sending us to a very good Jewish high school there, the *Philanthropin*. But the principal advised him against it, on the grounds that (a) the school offered no Latin or Greek, (b) that children should be raised in their parents' home if at all possible, and (c) to change schools was not a good idea as long as the present situation would not become completely intolerable. In the last analysis, I have to be grateful that I was able to stay at the Gymnasium, for once we started reading Homer (first some *Odyssey* in my fifth year and a year later some *Iliad*) I knew that I was hooked on Greek for

life. As a matter of fact, I was so hooked that I read more than double our daily assignment and kept on reading Homer in bed at night, switching the light on again after my parents had switched it off. But I was far from imagining that I should ever be able to go to university to study Classics. Not only did I not think that far ahead at that time, but by 1934 Jews were no longer admitted to German universities, and those that were already students—such as Liese Alexander, who was studying art history at the time—were compelled to discontinue their studies. Those who had the right connections and/or the money continued their studies abroad.

Our social life became entirely Jewish, since there was none for us at school or in society at large. After 1933 a large number of Jewish organizations sprang up in Germany to give Jews, and especially the young, opportunities to do all those things from which they had been excluded. One of the first clubs we joined was a sports group organized by the R.j.F. (Reichsbund jüdischer Frontsoldaten, the organization of Jewish veterans of World War I), after we could no longer be members of "Eintracht", the gentile sports club to which we had belonged. My father, who loved physical exercise, belonged to the senior contingent of the R.j.F. We had a lot of friends there and especially enjoyed occasional public performances for the benefit of parents. On a couple of occasions, we travelled to neighboring towns for sports competitions with other branches of the R.j.F. You won't believe me if I tell you that I came back from one such competition with a diploma (which I still have) certifying me as having come third in each of the 100-meter dash and the 400-meter race. The reason was that there were only three competitors in the latter, while in the former there were four, of whom one dropped out.

Another youth organization which we joined was called B.d.j.J. (Bund deutsch-jüdischer Jugend = German-Jewish Youth Club). its name is an indication of its orientation: there were a number of other youth organizations, all of which were Zionist in character, some with a religious and others with a secular emphasis. Although neither we nor our parents had anything against Zionism, we still regarded the Nazis as a transient phenomenon and could not think of ourselves as anything but German. In that we were typical of the Jewish middle-class

bourgeoisie. Still, my father had his doubts: "An organization based purely on friendship and without any ideology can't last," he used to say.

Ernest and I loved being members of the B.d.j.J. We met about once a week, read stories, sang songs, and took ourselves very seriously. One of my most pleasant memories of it were several occasions spent at "Haus Bertha", a holiday camp, where we spent weekends hiking, playing soccer, and roughing it. Part of the fun was cycling there: it was only about one to two hours from Dortmund, beautifully located in wooded country. Although boys and girls met in separate groups, it was also an organization where boy meets girl, and Ernest and I had our first girl friends in the B.d.j.J. Of our friends in this country, Vera Sander and Marianne Oelsner were also members.

I ought to mention also another institution that was important to our development during the Nazi period. As Jews came to be increasingly excluded from German cultural life, the Jüdische Kulturbund (Jewish Cultural Association) was founded in most of the major cities of Germany. Its purpose was to give employment to artists who had lost their jobs, and entertainment to the Jewish communities. There were lectures, recitals of poetry, musical performances, cabarets, and so forth. I remember a very inspiring lecture by the famous Rabbi Carlebach from Hamburg, and song recital by Alexander Kipnis, for which so many people signed up that only our synagogue could hold them all. The inhibiting factor about that was that you could not applaud, which was very strange indeed. The only way of showing your appreciation of the performance was to stand up, and in this particular instance the audience stood so long and so immovably that Kipnis gave a number of encores. Something similar occurred on another memorable occasion, when we heard Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* for the first time. Another time, we attended a piano recital in the synagogue in Hörde, a suburb of Dortmund, which was less memorable for the performer than for our first hearing of Beethoven's *Apassionata* and *Pathétique* sonatas. Somehow it was still possible until ca. 1938 to attend the local opera. Practically all major German cities had a repertory theater and opera, and although the one in Dortmund was not distinguished, it had an impressive building and enthusiastic support from the general public. I fondly remember the first three operas we saw: Weber's *Freischütz* and *Oberon* and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*.

Our most impressive experience in these years was attending the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936. Knowing how fond both Ernest and I were of sports, a client of our father's from Berlin, a Miss Schaumberg, offered him to have one of us stay with her for the time of the Games, and once that invitation was made, our Aunt Grete (who lived just a few blocks from Miss Schaumberg) invited the other. So Ernest stayed with Tante Grete, while I was at Miss Schaumberg's. It was quite an event for us: not only was it the first time in Berlin, but also going there alone without parental accompaniment. And then of course the Games themselves were quite a spectacle. We were in the crowd when the Olympic torch arrived among tremendous fanfare in Unter den Linden, the most famous and elegant of Berlin's thoroughfares. We got tickets to watch one afternoon of very elegant apparatus work, and another of handball games. But our great hero was Jesse Owen, who won the 100- and 200-meter dash as well as the broad jump. He was so popular among the public that an editorial in one of the Nazi papers told the Germans off for giving so much adulation to a negro.

Some more needs to be said about the kind of vacations we took in the years after Oma's death. Sichtigvor no longer had the attraction it used to have, not only because Oma was no longer there, but also because our interests had grown beyond playing with our friends in the village. Papa had inherited Oma's house, because the family agreed that it should stay in the family and he was the only male among the Ostwald heirs. We rented the bulk of it to an elderly couple named Schrewe, but remodeled the rest to have a small apartment on the upper floor, consisting of a couple of bedrooms, a bathroom, and a living-room/kitchen for ourselves, to be used for weekend trips or short vacations. We kept the house until 1939, when Papa was forced to sell it for a pittance to the Sichtigvor authorities. That was heartbreaking for us all. When Mummy and I visited Sichtigvor in 1986, Albert Grüne² told Mummy that, soon after the outbreak of the war in the fall of 1939, my

² Albert Grüne, who was also a Sichtigvorer, had married Elisabeth Schmidt, the eldest child of our neighbors in Sichtivor. Who were known in the village as "Knappmüllers," because their house had originally been built by someone named Müller at the foot of ("Knapp") of the Hammerberg. One of their daughters, whom I still knew as "Müller's Sette", and who was a good friend of Oma's, married a Mr. Busch, and their daughter, Elisabeth, eventually married a Fritz Schmidt, who then took over as master of the house. Together they had two children,

Papa had suddenly appeared in Sichtigvor and visited Albert Grüne's father-in-law, our neighbor, when it was already dark. Albert did not mention the reason for Papa's visit or what had transpired between the two men.

I have jumped a little ahead of myself here and now better return to the two memorable vacations we took before the Kristallnacht. One was a bicycle tour we took with Papa in 1935. We took our bicycles by train to the Rhineland (I remember visiting the mediaeval towns of Xanten and Emmerich) and cycle from there into Holland as far as Nijmegen and Arnhem. Uli (later =Richard) Koppel, a schoolfriend of mine and brother of Vera Sander, came along. I remember two features of that trip; one was the wonderful allowance the Dutch made for bicycle traffic by running parallel to each important highway a special lane for bicycles only ("rijwielpad") so as to keep car-traffic from interfering. The other was an extraordinary kind of indoor swimming pool in Arnhem. While we went swimming there, the roof was suddenly rolled open and transformed the pool into an outdoor pool. On a more cultural level I also recall a very impressive visit to the old Sephardic synagogue in Arnhem.

The other memorable trip was with Mama in the summer of 1937 or 1938. As gente holiday resorts had closed their door to Jews more and more, we found an advertisement in the the newssheet of our congregation advertising rooms rented to Jewish vacationers in a lovely little town, Kochem on the Moselle river. As Papa was very busy in his office at the time, Mama decided to take Ernest and me to Kochem for our summer vacations. It was a wonderful choice. Kochem is a storied small town, not far from the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine near Koblenz. The landscape, two great rivers flowing in valleys formed by gently sloping vineyards where the best German wines are produced, and the site of many mediaeval castles and other national memorials. We spent about two or three

named Elisabeth and Fritz, respectively., who were among our playmates. It was a custom in Sichtigvor to name the eldest male child after the father and the eldest female after the mother. (A third one, a girl, was born after Ernest and I had already left Germany, and I met her only on our 1986 visit to Sichtigvor.). After the war the younger Elisabeth married Albert Grüne, and their eldest child was the Albert-Friedrich Grüne, who got in touch with me ca. 1981, and with whom I am still in correspondence.

weeks there, doing something interesting almost every day. My clearest memories are of a visit to Burg Eltz in the middle of a sumptuous mountain forest on the Moselle; another to the Niederwalddenkmal on the Rhine, which commemorates the Germans who fell in the course of the Liberation Wars (Befreiungskriege) against the French in the early nineteenth century; and a boat trip on the Rhine on which we passed the *Lorelei*, a legendary rock, made famous by a poem composed by Heinrich Heine, a German Jewish poet (1797-1856), which had become a very popular folksong. Although any mention of Heine's contribution to German literature was strict taboo under the Nazis, as our boat passed the Lorelei the passengers spontaneously started to sing Heine's song. I also remember that one weekend, while in Kochem, Jülle and Hella came to visit us in Jülle's fancy car—and brought our Papa along. This turned out to be our last family vacation in Germany.

IV. ADULthood AND EMIGRATION, 1938-1942.

1. The Kristallnacht.

On November 9th, 1938, a young German Jew of Polish origin shot and killed the Third Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris. His alleged motive was revenge for the arrest by the Nazis of all Polish Jews resident in Germany, and their transportation to an uncertain fate across the Polish border at the end of October. Among them were many of our classmates from elementary school. What happened to them in Poland is history, though I know of very few of them that they were saved.

About the same time as the transports to Poland, the Jewish community was notified by the Nazi régime that the land on which our magnificent synagogue stood was needed for a public parking lot, and that the synagogue would have to be torn down. When we went to services on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, a wooden fence had already been erected around the synagogue in preparation for the demolition. It was the last time that we worshipped in the temple in which Ernest and I had our Bar Mitzvahs.

Neither of these events were taken as a warning what was in store for us in the wake of the murder of the Third Secretary in Paris. In the middle of the night from November 9th to 10th, we were woken up by a gang of SS-men smashing open our front door and invading our apartment on Schwanenwall 46. We all took refuge in our parents' bedroom. Mercifully, the hoodlums left us after having smashed a sideboard containing some of our good crockery. We gingerly left the bedroom and Mama called the police. They came eventually, looked around and declared that they saw nothing amiss.

We all stayed in the house the next day, since the front door could not be shut. Ernest and I did not go to school that day.. In the morning the police came to arrest Papa; in the afternoon they came and arrested me (but not Ernest). I was taken to the police station (the notorious "Steinwache"), but almost immediately

released as too young. However, they came back the next afternoon to arrest both Ernest and me.

At the Steinwache we were pushed into an overcrowded cell. In the middle of the night we were corralled into a meeting of all Jewish prisoners in the courtyard, where we saw Papa again and managed to stay with him. A few hours later, we were all marched to the train station onto a train (not a freight train), which eventually took us to the concentration camp Sachsenhausen, located in Oranienburg, a suburb of Berlin. As the train began to move, we saw Mama on a street below on her way to the police station to find out where Papa and we were, as she told us later.

I will not say anything about our arrival, late that night, in Sachsenhausen nor about the march from the train into the camp. Nor will I go into detail about anything that happened to us in the camp, except to emphasize that, horrid though it was, it was not one of the execrable extermination camps, from which the prisoners were liberated by the allied forces in 1945. The only bright spot was that, when we were assigned to our barracks, those under the age of 18 were given a special barrack (it was No. 58), and our Papa was given the job as our caretaker. That meant that the three of us would be together. Among the other prisoners we met in the camp was Rabbi Manfred Swarsensky, who was a highly respected educator of young Jews in Berlin. Mummy and I met him again years later, when on a cycling trip from Chicago to Wisconsin in 1948, where he had become rabbi of a congregation in Madison. To my great surprise, he remembered Papa, Ernest and me from Sachsenhausen. When Mummy and I decided to get married later that year, we asked him to conduct the ceremony in the Freeman's house in Glencoe.

Ernest and I were released from Sachsenhausen on December 3rd, 1938. We were given no reason for the release and, needless to say, didn't ask for one. But since we had to sign a declaration that we would leave Germany within a fortnight or be taken into "protective custody" again, we assumed that our release was to be attributed to the fact that Mama had, during our absence in camp, made applications to get us out of Germany by Children's Transport to Holland, England, and what was then Palestine. Holland was the first to accept us, and

Mama took us to the railroad station on December 13th, 1938. That was to be the last time we saw her.

Papa was still in camp, and was not released until a few days after we had already left. We last saw him on December 3rd, the day we were released from Sachsenhausen. He blessed us, and among his last words to us were a Greek quote from Homer's *Iliad*, in which Hector tells his wife Andromache: "The day will come, when sacred Troy will perish, Priam himself, and the people of Priam of the ashen spear." He evidently foresaw the end of his once-beloved Germany.

2. Holland

Neither Ernest not I realized that we would never see our parents again. That war would come had been pretty much in the air ever since Hitler had "annexed" first Austria and then Czechoslovakia early in 1938. Still, war was not a reality for either of us. We missed our parents terribly, but we believed them still to be safe and free from danger. And both in Holland and later in England there were many kind people to take care of us. In Holland we were looked after by a *Komité voor bijzondere Joodsche belangen, Afdeling Kinderen* (= Committee for Special Jewish Concerns, Department Children). They first put us up in what had been an orphanage in de Steeg, near Arnhem. All I remember about de Steeg is that the ladies who took care of us were very kind and considerate, but the beds provided were obviously intended for much younger children than we were and that our legs stuck out of them.

A very short time later, I think it was about December 20th, 1938, we were transferred to a larger camp near Rotterdam, called *Beneden Hijplaat*, and after a few weeks there, I believe on January 9th, 1939, to a youth hostel, *Jeugdherberg De Kleine Haar*, in Gorssel near Deventer. We, this time Mummy and I, saw the last of these again on a visit to our friend Meet Nieuwdorp, who lived near us in Delaware, but moved after her first husband's death to Gorssel with her second hisband. That was on our way by rented car from Holland to Rome in 1986.

I remember fairly little about these places, except that I took lessons in Dutch in Rotterdam, and that “De Kleine Haar” was a most pleasant place.

While we were in that youth hostel, we were informed by the British Consulate in The Hague on February 8th, 1939, that our visa to join a Children’s Transport to England had been approved. Our parents urged us to accept, so that we could already perfect our English in preparation for our hoped-for joint emigration to the United States; for we had meanwhile got a friend of Papa’s to secure a sponsor for our emigration to the U.S. But since immigration to the U.S. was regulated by a quota for each nationality, we had a waiting number that was not due be called up before 1944. In short, that was the hope for our family. But it was not to be realized. Ernest and I left by boat from Flushing to Harwich on February 20th, 1939.

3. England

While we were still in Sachsenhausen, Mama had written to her cousin Anne Grünthal, who lived at that time in Liechtenstein, to ask to give us any help she could. Aunt Anne was the daughter of Uncle (=Sally) Schild and an aunt of Mama’s—I forget her name, but she was a sister of Uroma Ida—and sister of Dr. Otto Schild (Uncle Otto), who had helped bring me into the world. Anne was married to a rich industrialist, Moritz Grünthal, and lived in Düsseldorf. From there they had moved to Holland fairly early after the Nazis came to power. Their wealth enabled them to purchase Liechtenstein nationality and settle in Vaduz, the capital of Liechtenstein.

I don’t know how instrumental Aunt Anne was in getting Ernest and me on to the Children’s Transport to Holland; but she was most helpful in getting us settled in England, after we had got our visa. Not only did she pay for our passage from Flushing to London, but she also mobilized her son, Paul Grünthal, who had emigrated to England and was living in London, to meet us at the train in London and to get the family Cripps, where he had been a boarder when he first arrived in

London, to take us in until the refugee committee would find us more permanent accommodation. Mr. Cripps was an Englishman, his wife had been born in Germany, they had a son, named Ivor, and a daughter named Helen. The latter is now Helen Pettengill and lives near Swarthmore in Brookhaven. We made contact with her again years later, when Mummy had been mentioned in the local press as a distinguished social worker, Helen called her to inquire whether she was in any way related to the Martin Ostwald to whom her parents had given shelter in the early 1939s.

The Crippses were very warm people. They made us thoroughly feel at home, and even started a lively correspondence with our parents. They offered to help them emigrate, but lacked the means of doing so. Aunt Anne had too many other closer obligations in her and her husband's family to help our parents financially.

Our stay with the Crippses lasted not more than a couple of weeks. The refugee committee responsible for the Children's Transports then found us shelter in a boys' hostel in Ramsgate, Kent. This hostel had been established and financed by some Jewish doctors in London. It took in about a dozen boys and was run by a Hungarian Jew, Mr. Gergely, and his gentile German wife. It was beautifully located near the waterfront of Ramsgate and afforded a lovely view over the harbour and the sea beyond it. The Gergelys were very good managers and found plenty for us to do: we had English lessons, were encouraged to read much English, including the daily newspapers, and they established relations between us and the local Boy Scouts who subsequently took a great interest in us.

One of the conditions imposed on us by our entrance visa was that we could "not enter any employment paid or unpaid while in the United Kingdom." The reason for that was no doubt that the Great Depression had created much unemployment in England at that time, and the British wanted to protect themselves against foreign competition. That meant of course that we were financially completely dependent on charitable aid, except for what our parents could still send us from Germany. The only money we got was a weekly allowance of sixpence. Naïve as we were, Ernest and I tried to save as much of it as we could to help our parents, if they should get out.

We were in constant touch with our parents, mostly by writing to each other at least twice a week, and through occasional telephone calls, occasional, because long-distance calling was a very cumbersome affair all over the world until sometime after the end of the war: in most cases, you had to register your desire to make a long-distance call some days ahead and your connection would be established only through an operator. That was the reason why we missed a call that our parents made to us a couple of days before the outbreak of war: Ernest and I had joined some of our friend in going swimming in the sea, and when we returned to the hostel we were told that our parents had called in our absence. We had neither the means nor the money to call them back.

Apart from the worry about our parents, we had a fairly good time in Ramsgate, especially since we were right on the sea and were both eager swimmers. One of the most memorable things was our attendance at the local synagogue. It had been built by Sir Moses Montefiore and had attached to it a retirement home for older Jews. The rabbi was a Sephardic Jew, Mr. Pereira, who frequently visited us at the hostel, and I vividly remember a Seder to which Ernest and I were invited at his house. Also, our parents had managed to send us our bicycles from Germany, and we made lots of use of them to explore Ramsgate's environs.

An incisive turn came with the outbreak of war on September 3rd, 1939. Connections with our parents were reduced to 25-word messages that could be sent through the Swiss Red Cross or through the Vatican, and through correspondence with relatives in neutral countries. Hella and Jülle, who had by that time settled in Chicago (and remember that the U.S. did not enter the war until December 7th, 1941), were our main intermediaries in maintaining touch with our parents.

In England, the conditions imposed by our visa were relaxed, and Ernest was able to take an unpaid training job in the shop of a Jewish electrician, named Carman. I tried to get a similar training job at a garage, but did not succeed.

Since the British had to make sure as best they could that no Nazi sympathizers had infiltrated the ranks of refugees, fairly soon after the outbreak of

war all Continental refugees in England—both Jewish and Gentile—had to appear before a special court to have their status classified as either (A) enemy alien, class A: dangerous and to be interned immediately; or (B) enemy alien class B: : non-dangerous enemy alien to remain free but restricted to travel of no more than 5 miles without police permission; or (C) friendly alien without restrictions. However, all refugees had to register with the local police and report to it at periodic intervals. In our case, the examination was rather perfunctory: all the judge said when Ernest and I—age 16 and 17— appeared before him was “So you have really been in a German concentration camp?” when we replied in the affirmative, he merely shook his head and classified us as “Class C.” However, this good classification did not prevent us from being interned in 1940. More about that later.

As the war went on, it became increasingly difficult for the doctors who had sponsored our hostel to continue their support: some of them were drafted into the armed services, where they did not earn what they had used to; others had their children evacuated from the city into the country, which imposed an additional financial burden on them. In short, toward the end of 1939 they could no longer maintain the hostel in Ramsgate and asked the central refugee committee in London to find some other shelter for us. Their solution was to accommodate us in cabins built for us on the grounds of a “borstal,” a farming school for delinquent English boys. We had little to do with them, except that we had the same teachers to make farmers out of us, and sharing the same compound. Our part was called “Chiltern Emigrants’ Training Camp.” It was located near Wallingford in Oxfordshire, not far from Oxford. Our main activities consisted of various aspects of farming. Neither Ernest nor I (nor any of the other refugee boys) were very happy there. Our cabins were very flimsy and drafty in the winter months, the food was lousy, and we had to get up very early each morning.

It was our good fortune that our aunts Itti and Trulla had meanwhile been able to leave Germany for England by accepting positions both as domestic servants in the household of a well-to-do doctor in Bournemouth, Dr. Carter. When we wrote to them how unhappy we were, they requested the lady in charge of the local refugee committee to find something for us in Bournemouth. In about February 1939, she found a position for Ernest as an apprentice waiter in a very

fancy local hotel, and a few weeks later a similar job turned up for me in another good hotel in a suburb of Bournemouth. We were very happy to be now near our aunts.

One thing that still bothered me was that I wanted to complete my education, since we had never finished even high-school in Germany. I had read an advertisement in the paper that a certain outfit in Oxford, Wolsey Hall, offered a correspondence course leading to the English "matriculation certificate" for the price of seven pounds. Since I did not have even that modest sum, I applied to the refugee committee in London for help. But, alas, the answer was that they had to spend what educational funds they had on children who had less of an education than I already had, so they had to turn me down.

Another desire of mine was at that time to become a rabbi. When I approached the chairwoman of the Bournemouth refugee committee with the request to help me toward that goal, she replied that the first thing I ought to do was to change my job to a kosher hotel. I succeeded in doing so. But my new job at the East Cliff Court Hotel did not give me a place to live in that I had enjoyed at my first job. Therefore, I had to find accommodation in a refugee hostel in the city of Bournemouth itself. This was to have unforeseen consequences.

May 1940 brought the disastrous defeat of the British forces by the Nazis at Dunkirk in France. I clearly remember the consternation this caused in Britain. Rumors were afloat that the speed of the German conquest of the Low Countries was due to the fact that German soldiers disguised as priests had been parachuted into the countries, who upon landing had pulled out automatic weapons hidden under their garments and subdued the population. These and similar stratagems were feared for an invasion of Britain which was thought to be imminent. Britain was completely unprepared for this eventuality. It was said that her air force consisted of one solitary plane, and that that part of the army which had not been sent overseas and was ready to defend the homeland was armed with nothing but pitchforks. Under the pressure of this fear Neville Chamberlain was forced to resign as prime minister, and Winston Churchill, who had long foreseen what Hitler was up to, was elected in his place.. This happened on May 10th, 1940..

Two days later, on May 12th, Churchill declared a certain area along the south and east coasts of England “protected area,” i.e., area particularly endangered in case of enemy invasion. At the same time he ordered all holders of a German passport in these areas, regardless of affiliation and regardless of classification, to be interned, “Collar the lot!,” he is quoted as having said. Now, it happens that the city of Bournemouth was located in the county of Hampshire, while a part of it called Poole belonged to Dorset. Hampshire was part of the “protected area,” Dorset was not. Ernest’s hotel (where he also had a room) was in Dorset, my hostel was in Hampshire. Accordingly, I was interned on May 12th, Ernest was not. This was the first time in our lives that we had been separated for any length of time.

I must admit internment came as a certain relief for me. I had had many nightmares that a German soldier might appear any moment at my bedside and order me to show them the road to the nearest airport, threatening harm to my parents if I failed to do so. So I saw my arrest as a relief from that anxiety.

On that day—it was a Sunday—a police officer came to the hostel and ordered me to pack right then and there my most necessary belongings and follow him. I don’t remember whether I was given a chance to inform Ernest or the aunts at that time, but I am sure I was given a chance soon after. I was taken to a point where several other German-Jewish refugees had been gathered, and we were taken by bus to Southampton. I remember we slept on the floor of a gym on mattresses. A few days later, we were all shipped on (by train) to a large camp at Huyton near Liverpool. All I remember about Huyton was that we lived in newly built houses, and that I met some interesting people such as the brother of the well-known German Jewish author Leon Feuchtwanger and the son of another German-Jewish author Jakob Wassermann. I remember also that there was a spirited intellectual life in the camp, lectures, cabarets, etc.

I’m not sure how long we stayed in Huyton. A few weeks after our arrival there, we were taken to Liverpool to embark on boats that were to take us to the Isle of Man. The Isle of Man, famous for its tailless cats and for having its own parliament but a British dependency, was—and, I believe, is again—a tourist resort. The British had cleared several blocks of tourist homes at Douglas, the

capital of the Isle of Man, surrounded them with barbed wire, and now used them as an internment camp for us. In a sense, this was the most comfortable place in which to be interned, though there was not much space to walk around, but it offered a lovely view of the sea.

I don't remember many details about it. We did have a lively intellectual life with many interesting people in the camp giving lectures. Professor Ernst Neustadt, who had been teaching at a Gymnasium in Berlin, had brought with him a volume of Greek lyric poetry, and a small circle of us enjoyed it and his commentary on the poems. I also recall a "Youth Rabbi" from Frankfurt (I believe), Dr. Lemmler, but was never very close to him. I was in touch with the Aunts and Ernest. In fact, I think it was in Douglas that I heard that Ernest, too, had been interned in England.

However, what happened to me a few weeks later did not happen to Ernest. The increasing food shortage in England made the British request Canada and Australia to take off their hands "the most dangerous" elements of internees in Britain. As "most dangerous" were defined all single males between the ages of 18 and 40. Being one of those, a bunch of us were one day put on a boat bound for Glasgow on July 4th, and there on another boat, the Polish passenger ship *Sobieski*, bound for a (to us unknown) destination, which turned out to be Canada. As you know, about the same time your uncle Steven, who had also been interned in England on May 12th, was sent as an internee to Australia on the *Dunera*. Uncle Steve's voyage lasted some six weeks and turned out to be considerably harsher than mine. Two other boats with German Jewish internees were sent to Canada. One of these, the *Arandora Star*, was sunk; the other, named *Ettrick*, arrived safely, but its passengers were initially sent to camps other than ours. Later, when the number of detained refugees dwindled and different camps were merged, we were confined in the same camp. That is where I met Tom Rosenmeyer, who was to be my friend for life. After these, there were no more refugee-internees shipped overseas; people who had been interned later, including Uncle Ernest, were no longer sent abroad.

4. Canada

The “passengers” on the *Sobiesky* were a motley bunch. The majority consisted of people like myself: young men in their teens of a middle-class bourgeois background, some of whom had already started their university studies in England; others who already had a trade or had started to learn one; and others, older men (up to age 40), who were already established in some profession or another. Of the latter, I remember a Viennese psychoanalyst who had been a student of Freud’s, a young international lawyer who had been working at the League of Nations in Geneva, a famous botanist, and even the son of the German crown prince, who, as an anti-Nazi, had been a student at Cambridge under the name of Count von Lingen. The majority of these were Jewish, but there were some gentiles among them.

In addition there were two other groups: one consisted of orthodox Yeshiva Bocherim, mainly of Eastern origin, who had brought copies of important Hebrew texts with them, and wore their own distinctive dress. The other group was the exact opposite: Nazi-German prisoners of war who had been captured in the battle of Dunkirk. These latter occupied their own part of the boat and British soldiers made sure that they did not mingle with the rest.

It must have been quite a shock to the unsuspecting Canadians, when we docked in Quebec City on July 14th, 1940, to be faced with the “most dangerous elements of the enemy prisoners.” In Quebec we were put on a train that took us to a very makeshift camp in Three Rivers (=Trois Rivières), Quebec, called Camp “T.” As we were marched from the train to the camp, locals lined the roadside and jeered at us. On arriving in the camp, we were greeted by some earlier inmates—obviously Nazi prisoners largely taken from German commercial vessels—with vicious anti-Jewish songs. There were immediate demands of segregation on the part of our spokesmen. The Canadians, who had not realized what had hit them, summoned the Swiss Consul to mediate (the Swiss had been designated to take care of German affairs in enemy lands for the duration of the war), but

we refused to have anything to do with him. The lines were drawn and there were even isolated fisticuffs.

This situation lasted only for a few weeks. The Canadians recognized that we refused to have anything to do with Nazis, and shipped us off on August 12th, 1940, to a recently-built camp (Camp “B”) in the midst of a forest near Fredericton, New Brunswick.³ The move was significant in that it was the first step in the recognition of the Canadian government that we were not enemy aliens. Henceforth, our camps were officially designated as “Refugee Camps,” even though they were still surrounded by barbed wire.

Beautiful though it was to live in the midst of trees and greenery, the camp was rather isolated and hard to reach. We had a lively cultural life, though, thanks to the many intellectuals among us. There were lectures on a variety of subjects, and, as far as I remember, there was even an old piano on which some of our people gave recitals. A regular camp school had to wait until later. My most vivid memory is that every morning we were marched out into the woods to fell trees. Although we were not really cut out to be lumberjacks, it was wonderful to be in the open air all day and not be hemmed up inside the camp. There were some tricks we had to learn to make sure that the trees would not fall on our own or someone’s head, and to prevent the axe from hitting our feet instead of the tree; but there were remarkably few accidents and, mercifully, no casualties.

If I am not mistaken, it was also from there (but it may have been earlier) that the first releases took place in the form of shipment back to England. There were among us some scientist and other “important” persons who had been interned from their labs and jobs in Oxford, Cambridge, and elsewhere, and were now being recalled at the request of their institutions. I

³ There is in our library a book on this camp by Ted Jones, *Both Sides of the Fence*, Vol. I (Fredericton, NB: New Ireland Press, 1988). The first chapter of this book, entitled; “One; Arrest,” (pp. 1-25) contains a much more detailed account of the early weeks of internment than I have given. Since it is based on diaries kept by people who stayed in Canada, my name is not mentioned. But I know most of those who are quoted. But I am mentioned on a list on p. 319.

remember only Max Perutz, a molecular biologist from Cambridge, who received the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1962, and Count von Lingen, who, as the son of the German Crown Prince and grandson of the German Kaiser, had connections with British royalty. There were several others that I don't remember.

It was also about this time that we were given the opportunity to be sent back to England to join the so-called "Pioneer Corps." That was entirely voluntary, but few of us took advantage of that. My refusal was based on the fact that the British, though making it part of the army, refused to let the "Pioneers" bear arms and used them only to dig in the rubble of bombed cities, and that kind of thing. That seemed to me to be beneath my dignity: I would gladly have volunteered to fight the Nazis, but not as an unarmed slave. In fact, when I was still in Bournemouth in 1940, I tried to volunteer for British army, but was turned down as an "enemy alien." I was somewhat hurt by that kind of mistrust then and again at that point. So I did not volunteer and instead did not want to lose the happy chance to be out of Europe and closer to the United States, where we had hoped to be reunited with our parents when our quota number would be called up in 1944. In that way, I would not only save my own skin but could also hope to be able eventually to prepare for the day when our family would be reunited. This hope proved to be futile, but we were lucky that at least Ernest and the Aunts survived the war and that my staying in Canada laid the groundwork for my own future,

Camp "B" was in many ways a pleasant and "educational" experience. I remember that concerts were given by the pianist Johnny Neumark and the violinist Gerhard Kander, who made names for themselves in Canada later; there were lectures by experts in many fields and amateur performances of some plays. It was here also that we began our camp school.

Various charitable organizations, such as the Canadian Jewish Congress, the Canadian National Committee on Refugees, and the YMCA, had sent people to our camp and had supported our various cultural and

religious activities. Some time early in 1941 we began to explore with them the possibility of establishing a school in our camp, in which those of us who had not yet finished high school could prepare themselves for getting a Canadian high school diploma. Since these diplomas were usually given under the auspices of the various Provinces, there was only one private institution that was willing to administer the necessary examinations to us, and that was McGill University in Montreal.

With the help of the above organizations, we obtained the syllabi and the required textbooks and set up our own school, since there were among us a sufficient number of people to teach the required number of subjects. At some point, I was not only one of the candidates as well as teachers, but also became assistant principal of the school. My subjects were Latin, Greek, and English Literature. I had about half a dozen students in Latin, was my own only student in Greek (with some help from Tom Rosenmeyer), invited anyone I could find to lecture on some of the English authors assigned, and lectured on the rest of the authors myself, using for preparation a *History of English Literature* by Legouis and Cazamien that the YMCA had supplied. I passed my Junior Matriculation while in Camp "B" (I believe) in June 1941, and my Senior Matriculation a year later in Sherbrooke, Quebec (Camp "N"). But back to Camp "A."

Early in June 1941 there were rumors that the camp would be dissolved and split into those who insisted on kosher food (to which prisoners are entitled by the Geneva Conventions) and those who did not. That became reality on June 21st, when those opting for kosher food were sent to the Ile aux Noix, Camp "I". A day later, on June 22nd, 1941, the non-kosher group, which I had joined with most of my friends, were shipped to Farnham, Quebec, Camp "A". The first thing we heard on arriving there was that the Germans had invaded the Soviet Union. Most of us hoped that that would be the beginning of their defeat.

I remember the date of our arrival at Camp "A" only because of its coincidence with the date of the Nazi attack on Russia. We stayed there until January 1942, longer than in any other camp in Canada. This may be the

reason why my chronology has become a little shaky: some of the things I attribute to Farnham may well have happened earlier or later.

What I remember best about Camp “A” is of course the camp school, which absorbed much time and energy. Another thing I remember is that the authorities had relented sufficiently by that time to let us do work for the Canadian army, for which we were paid 30 cents per hour—not in actual coin, to be sure, but in coupons which we could exchange for whatever was available at the camp canteen. The activities there consisted of (1) a carpenters’ shop that made mess tables; (2) a shop that machine-knitted woolen socks for the army; and (3) a shop producing camouflage netting for the artillery. I worked mainly in the last (3).

Since most of the inmates had been together since the beginning of internment, the same cultural activities continued: lectures, musical recitals, theatrical performances, etc.

I vaguely remember that we had one major hunger-strike, which was caused by the fact that the Canadian authorities wanted to bring Nazi prisoners into our camp. The strike lasted only a few days and was success

One important thing started while we were in Farnham: the first releases into Canada. As I mentioned before, up until this time people could be released to England. Since the Canadians obviously could not simply open the camp gates and tell us to march out, entry into Canada had to be normalized, since our camps had some kind of extra-territorial status; official immigration into Canada was required. The main two obstacles for release into Canada were (1) that very very few of us had friends or relatives in Canada. Before the war Canada had not been hospitable to German Jews, unless they had been baptized. I knew of two friends of the Aunts from Dortmund, the Wertheim sisters and their families, who had themselves baptized in order to immigrate into Canada. They were very nice and hospitable to me when I was in Toronto; however, our relations were not close enough that I (or the Aunts) could have appealed to them to help me out of camp. (2) The immigration laws of Canada required the immigrant to

have arrived by a publicly recognized conveyance, such as boat, train, or airplane. But we had arrived by troop transport, which was not recognized as a suitable conveyance.

The solution to this problem was found by a clever lawyer of the Canadian Jewish Congress. He found out that the rules for admitting students into Canada for study did not include any stipulation about the means by which they had arrived. Negotiations with the authorities led to the result that *bona fide* students were permitted to enter Canada, provided that they could find their own means of support. Henceforth, the main job of the various charitable agencies that had been helping us was converted into finding financial sponsors for those of us who were students.

Once this breach had been created, admission was extended to two further categories: since the war had depleted the Canadian labor force, anyone willing to accept a farm job was declared eligible for release and immigration. Further, when a Jewish optical firm in Toronto, which was the main supplier of field glasses, gun-sights, etc. to the armed forces, declared its willingness to accept workers and trainees for its operations, many volunteered in order to be released.

One of these, Joseph Katz, had already found a sponsor to get himself released as a student. But when the optical possibility opened up, he preferred to take that and suggested to his sponsor, the Jewish fraternity *Beta Sigma Rho*, to sponsor me instead. That is how I came to be released. But that did not happen until the summer of 1942, by which time we had been transferred to Sherbrooke, Quebec (Camp "N").

One more point: once the releases had started, they proceeded at a fair clip. One of the results was that the camps became underpopulated and some were closed and its inmates were accommodated in other camps. Thus it was at Farnham, I believe, that a group that had come to Canada with the *Ettrick* was joined to us at Farnham. This is how I met Tom Rosenmeyer who was one of the *Ettrick* group. Our common interest in Classics pulled us together, and since he was a little older than I, had finished high school at

a very famous Gymnasium in his native Hamburg, and had studied at Cambridge at the time he was interned, he was more advanced in Greek and Latin than I and I learned a lot from him. We remained good friends to the rest of his life. Mummy and I asked him to be the “best man” at our wedding; he came to the wedding, but magnanimously relinquished the job when, to our surprise, Uncle Ernest came from England to celebrate the occasion with us in Glencoe. More about that later.

Camp “N” in Sherbrooke, Quebec, where we were shipped in January 1942, was by far the ugliest camp of all we experienced. I remember it as being located in one huge shed—something like an airplane hangar—in which all activities took place: sleeping, eating, entertainment, school, etc. But my memory may be playing tricks with me. At any rate, it was the camp in which I wrote (and passed) my McGill Senior Matriculation exam. Although the environs were dreary, that does not mean that the atmosphere was gloomy. On the contrary, since the release machinery was well developed by this time, we were impatiently looking forward to our release.

In that connection, the story of Josef Elias sticks in my mind. He was a very orthodox Jew who had studied History under the famous Travekyan at Cambridge before his internment. He had found a sponsor and was to be released to continue his studies (whether in History or at a Yeshiva, I’m not sure). The release procedure was that an immigration officer would come to camp once a month, interview the persons to be released, and then give them their immigration visa. In Elias’s case the officer came on a Friday, and Elias was one of the last to be interviewed. As evening approached and he had not yet had his turn, he told the immigration officer that he could not sign anything on the Shabbat, and therefore requested that he be given his turn the next time the officer would come, i.e., a month later. The request was granted, but Elias won our unstinted admiration for not having given up his religious principles when the goal of the hopes of all the rest of us was in his grasp. No one else would have wanted to stay an extra month in camp under his circumstances.

It is strange that, of all the exact dates that I do remember, I do not remember the precise day of my release from camp, the trainride to Toronto, and my arrival there. It will have been sometime in July or August of 1942.

What I do remember is that I was met at the train station in Toronto by Jack Culiner, with whom I had been in correspondence in camp from the moment that I was informed that the Jewish fraternity *Beta Sigma Rho* had agreed to sponsor my release as a student. Jack Culiner was the driving spirit behind that sponsorship. He was a young man, head of a small advertising agency, and an enthusiastic member of the fraternity. His compassionate nature had made him organize a group of his fraternity brothers to sponsor a Jewish refugee student. He met me at the station and, to the best of my recollection, took me to his parents' home, where I was to stay for a short time, until my room at the fraternity house at 15 Admiral Road in Toronto, would be ready at the beginning of the academic year in September.

The Culiners (Harry and Mary) were wonderful to me and took me under their wing. They were simple and very warm-hearted people, who kept a small textile store in Toronto. They invited me practically every Sunday to join them on car trips into the more rural surroundings of Toronto, to stay at their house whenever I wanted or needed to, gave me things to eat or to wear, and in general were very very good to me. They were especially caring when, toward the end of my first year of studies, I fell ill and had to be hospitalized for several months. But more about that later. One of my great regrets (about which I still feel guilty) is that I did not keep in closer touch with them after I left Toronto. I think the reason was that, because they were more fluent in Yiddish than in English, they did not respond to letters I sent them from Chicago. Telephoning was at that time more costly and more cumbersome than it is now. I last saw them on a vacation trip Mummy and I took to Lake Wilberforce in Northern Ontario in the summer of 1948.

A few weeks later, I moved into the fraternity house, where I would spend the next four years as a guest of the fraternity. This was, in retrospect,

the best possible solution of someone in my situation, who had no family to fall back on and no independent means of support. I was given a nice room to share with a friendly Jewish student, Bernard ("Bunny") Enushevsky (who later changed his name to Ellis). He came from Welland, a small Ontario town not far from Toronto, and was studying physics (I believe). Bunny and some of his friends from Welland who were also members of the fraternity invited me to visit their homes on several occasions and befriended me in many other ways. At the same time, living in a fraternity house meant not only living close to the University, but also gave me some kind of entry to student society so that I was not entirely on my own. Since all the other students residing in the fraternity house came from outside Toronto, it also gave me some kind of connection to other parts of Ontario. And of course I felt most comfortable in a Jewish group. In addition to free accommodation and breakfast, the fraternity also gave me a small allowance for my daily needs, and agreed to pay for my college expenses, mainly tuition and books. They even gave me membership in the fraternity.

Admission to college was not quite as smooth as it could have been. The University of Toronto was organized on a principle similar to that of Oxford and Cambridge: it consisted in 1942 of four more or less independent undergraduate colleges, which, together with the various professional schools (medicine, law, engineering, and so forth) constituted the University. Three of the four colleges were denominational: Victoria was governed under the auspices of the United Church of Canada. Trinity under the auspices of the Anglican Church; and St. Michael's under the Roman Catholic Church. At all three colleges, church attendance and religious instruction were mandatory. The fourth and largest was University College, which, being sponsored by the Province of Ontario, was secular and non-denominational. This meant in effect that practically all Jewish undergraduates were enrolled in University College.

In 1942 there were about a dozen applicants for admission, who, like myself, had been released from internment. They all had the necessary qualifications for admission and financial support, and all had been admitted by the colleges to which they had applied. But the Board of Governors, who

had final control over all University matters, decided in the fall of 1942, that our group should be refused admission on the grounds that, as enemy aliens, we should not be admitted in wartime to a university where we would fill the places of young Canadians who were serving their country overseas.

This decision touched a raw nerve in the academic community of the University. Some of the colleges felt that the Governors "had contravened the spirit and letter of the University Act" in interfering in the admissions procedure, and the University Senate called for the Governors' refusal to be rescinded. The main spokesman for the faculty in this matter was Professor C.B. Sissons, a professor of ancient history and a stalwart defender of the rights of his own college, Victoria. He was what may be called "an upright and moral citizen," married to a wonderful American Quaker lady. Together they had sponsored one of "our" boys, Fred Hoeniger, a half-Jewish German Quaker, who, incidentally, had also been at Ommen, the Dutch Quaker school, where he met Uncle Steven. This gave Sissons a special interest in our admission, because Hoeniger had been admitted to Victoria College, and the Governors' ruling would have affected him. In other words, the combination of the rights of Victoria College and his personal involvement in Hoeniger motivated Sissons. Moreover, he was a stubborn and persistent fighter for his views. He succeeded in rallying enough support from various constituencies of the University to have the ban reversed by persuading the Canadian authorities to admit us into the COTC (=Canadian Officers Training Corps), in which all students had to be enrolled during the war (but from which we had also been barred up to that point).⁴

Before continuing with my personal story, I think it would be wise to say something more about the structure of the curriculum at the University

⁴ A very moving account of this episode is included in C.B. Sissons' autobiography, *Nil alienum: The Memoirs of C.B. Sissons*, (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1964), pp. 154-59. An copy of this book, inscribed by Mrs. Sissons, is in our library. I knew the Sissons well, since I was friends with Fred Hoeniger (who, incidentally, had also been a friend of Unlce Steve's in the Quaker School in Ommen, Holland, before the war). Fred lived with the Sissons in my street (Admiral Road) in Toronto and Mrs. Sissons was always especially nice to me. I last saw he in 1973, when she visited her sisters in Glenolden. PA. However, I never took a course from Professor Sissons, since we had our own teachers in ancient history at University College,

of Toronto and the place of Classics within it. As already mentioned, the educational system was modeled on the Oxbridge pattern, and presupposed a much broader high school education than the American system. On the undergraduate level, the university consisted of the three denominational and one non-denominational liberal arts colleges, which taught humanities and basic sciences. Furthermore, such professional schools as medicine and engineering were regarded as undergraduate courses; in other words they did not have a liberal-arts degree as a prerequisite.

The educational program for all the four liberal-arts colleges was set by the University, i.e., in practice by a body consisting of representatives of each of the four colleges. As in Oxbridge, there were two types of program, “pass” and “Honours.” A “pass” course lasted three years and consisted of a variety of general courses, within a prescribed framework (I forget the parameters of the framework). It was usually taken by students who had not yet developed a pronounced interest in any one discipline, or who simply wanted a college degree to further their career.

The students who had “found” themselves usually opted for the “Honours” program, which took four years to complete and involved a prescribed course of study in a special discipline. There were a fairly large number of disciplines available. For example: Art History, Modern History, Classics, Latin and French (or Spanish, Portuguese, or Italian), English Literature (and various combinations of these); Sociology, Political Science, Economics, (and combinations of these); Physics, Chemistry, Biology (combinations of these); etc. In each of these each college maintained its own faculty and gave instruction to its own students, although there were cases in which, because of the small number of students, classes were combined. For example, since my class (1946) had only four students in all the four colleges combined, we all took Greek Tragedy together at Trinity College, and in Greek Philosophy took Plato and Aristotle at University College, Presocratics at Victoria College, and Stoics and Epicureans at Trinity College. Though this was a measure of expediency, it exposed us to teachers outside our own college and gave us greater variety.

The only difference between the programs of the colleges was that the one “pass” subject required of all Honours” students was compulsory “Religious Knowledge” in each of the denominational colleges, while University College offered in its place one of a variety of introductory general courses to, e.g., “Biblical Literature,” economics, sociology zoology, botany, and the like. This so-called “pass” subject was for University College the only one in which Honours Students had any choice. All other courses in were strictly prescribed for each of the four undergraduate years. Moreover, practically all courses ran for a whole year (=two semesters), and there was only one final exam in each at the end of each year.

In this way I received a better and more comprehensive education in Classics than was given at any of the places I taught later in my professional career. In my freshman year, we concentrated on Homer’s *Iliad* on the Greek side and on Roman Comedy in Latin. In our sophomore year on Greek Tragedy and Comedy in Greek and on the Literature of the Roman Republic in Latin. In the junior year we took the Greek Historians in Greek, and the Literature of the Early Empire in Latin; and in the senior year Greek Philosophy and Roman Historians. In addition, we had to take “Prose Composition” (translation from English into Greek and Latin, respectively) in every one of our four years, from which I learned more about the languages than I did from any other course.

Toronto emphasized good teaching above great scholarship, and, I am happy to say, I don’t remember having had any really bad teacher in Toronto. My favorite was E.T. Owen, who came from a distinguished Canadian family, but had acquired a decidedly British accent during his study at Oxford. He taught me Homer in my freshman year and Aeschylus as a sophomore. He was an elderly slightly stooped, gentle, and compassionate soul, upon whom I looked reverently as something like the priest of the Muses. He had never published a book until we prevailed upon him to publish his lectures on Homer and on Aeschylus at the Canadian branch of the Oxford University Press under the title *The Story of the Iliad* and *The Harmony of Aeschylus*, respectively. In my very prejudiced view both of these are still outstanding works of literary criticism.

Other outstanding scholars included Gilbert Norwood, who wrote *Greek Tragedy*, *Greek Comedy*, a book on *Pindar*, and several others, had a superb knowledge of both Greek and Latin, and a rather Victorian taste in literature. He was extremely well read also in all modern literatures. He was educated at St. John's College in Cambridge and had come to Canada to take over the chairmanship of the Classics Department at University College. In a rather old-fashioned British manner he called himself "Director of Classical Studies." He was a wonderful person, who encouraged me no end, and fostered my career in several ways.⁵

Another scholar of international reputation who taught me was G.M.A. Grube of Trinity College, who wrote on Euripides, Plato, and Greek literary criticism. He was born in Belgium and brought as a child to England, where he lived mainly in Birmingham, sponsored by a "weighty Quaker" family, whom Mummy knew during World War II. We maintained friendly relations with Grube and his wife until their deaths, and are still in touch with their youngest daughter Jennifer, who is married to one of her father's students, Anthony Podlecki, now retired from the University of British Columbia.

Probably the most outstanding scholar among my teachers was Charles Norris Cochrane. Unfortunately I had him for only one semester, since for most of the war he was in Ottawa engaged in government work. He had the most comprehensive view of ancient history of any teacher I had, and became famous for his book on *Christianity and Classical Culture*, which the Oxford University Press published in 1944. Although its subtitle suggests that it only spans the period from Augustus to Augustine, it really offers one of the most grandiose views I have ever read of Classical Antiquity as a whole.

¹Norwood had an unduly high opinion of me. In one letter of recommendation he described me as the best student he ever taught in either Britain or Canada. On a piece of Greek prose composition I wrote for his class he commented: "You have surpassed yourself in this."

Then of course there were Homer and Dorothy Thompson, who gave me all the instruction in Classical Archaeology I ever had. In every year of the Honours Program in Classics, except the first, a course in Archaeology was mandatory. Homer Thompson, the only Professor of Classical Archaeology and Curator of the Classical Section of the Royal Ontario Museum, had been called up into the Naval Intelligence of the British Navy because of his intimate knowledge of Greece. In his absence, his wife Dorothy gave his courses, and taught us Greek and Hellenistic Archaeology in the sophomore and junior years (1943/4 and 1944/5). Homer Thompson came back in time for our Senior year (1945/6), in which the subject was Roman Archaeology. It seems somehow paradoxical that I should have learned whatever I know of Roman archaeology from one of the leading Greek archaeologists of our time.

Both Dorothy and Homer Thompson were not only first-class archaeological scholars, but also superb human beings. I was fortunate that both took a liking to me, which was also extended to Mummy from the time they met her during our first stay at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton in 1973. Homer had been appointed Professor at the Institute a year after I graduated from Toronto, because he had become Director of the Agora Excavations in Athens. In fact, it was through Homer Thompson's initiative that I was first invited to be a member of the Institute. Mummy was of course an immediate hit with both Thompsons, and we remained close friends with them for the rest of their lives. As you will remember, Dorothy even entrusted Mummy with the transcription of her very extensive and interesting personal diaries, a job which she faithfully completed before handing the diaries and transcription on to the Thompson's daughter, Pamela Todd.

One of the Toronto professors who influenced my love of Greek History never actually taught me a formal course. It was Mary E. White, a junior member of the faculty at Trinity College (and also a friend of the Thompsons), with whom I got friendly, when I was president of the UC-Trinity Classics Club, of which she was the faculty sponsor. She had been a student of H.T. Wade-Gery at Oxford, and a fellow-student of Tony

Andrewes. She was one of the persons through whom we established a close friendship with Tony and Alison Andrewes years later.

There was one other famous faculty member with whom I became friends. Barker Fairley was a Professor of German at University College who had written one important book on Goethe and published another, *A Study of Goethe*, while I was at Toronto. I got to know him through his son Bill, who was a fellow student at University College, a very sweet person but of very frail health. He introduced me to his parents. When Bill fell very ill and refused to talk to anyone, I became quite close to his parents, since I was the only person Bill was willing to communicate with. The friendship with the parents lasted at least until the summer of 1949, when Professor Fairley was Visiting Professor at Columbia University, where I was a graduate student at the time. Since he was politically quite left wing, and anti-Communism was already rampant in the U.S., he got into some kind trouble with the U.S. authorities and was made to leave the U.S. as soon as his stint at Columbia was over.

Shortly before the end of my freshman year, I developed some trouble with my health. While I was still in internment, a cavity in a tooth needed a fairly substantial filling. That procedure was done by the camp dentist, one of our own men, who had to make do with whatever means the Canadian military provided. Now, toward the end of my freshman year, that tooth acted up again. As a student, I was entitled to the services of the dental school of the University, where I went to have the tooth extracted by a professor of dentistry. By this time, however, the old filling from camp times had become so brittle that it crumbled under the pressure of the forceps. When I started coughing up some blood a few days later, I was put into the College infirmary, where it was determined that a piece of the filling had landed in my lungs and caused an abscess. It was decided that I needed to be transferred to the Toronto General Hospital to have the abscess removed.

Since all this took place before the discovery of penicillin, that was a much more laborious and uncertain procedure than it would be nowadays.

But I was lucky in that my surgeons, Drs. Shenstone and Janes, had been pioneers in lung surgery, so that I was in the best of medical hands. The diagnosis took longer than it would take now, and it resulted in two operations, the first of which missed the abscess, but the second was successful. However it meant (a) that I would miss my first-year final exams, (b) a protracted stay in the hospital (I think it turned out to be three months); and (c) that it imposed an additional financial burden on the fraternity that had assumed responsibility for me.

I was very lucky with (a). Because the Department of Classics had allowed me to take classes even during the period that the Board of Governors had put my admission to University College into question, the Department thought that my performance had been sufficiently good to justify, an “aegrotat,” i.e., credit given for academic work for a student who was too sick to take the required exams. So I passed my first college year without exams.

I was lucky with (b), too. In addition to excellent hospital care, I never lacked visitors. My fellow students, my professors, people from the fraternity, came and brought me books to read; above all, the Culiners regularly came to visit me and brought me goodies to eat. The nurses treated me as a pet, because I was closer in age to them than most of the other patients. The most attentive and caring of all was a Jewish social worker whose job was to look after the Jewish patients. I missed my family, especially my parents of whose fate I knew practically nothing, and Ernest and the Aunts. Hella, my closest relative on the North-American continent, lived in Chicago under severe financial constraints and had neither the money, time, or citizenship to come to visit me. Considering all that, I was more than fortunate that I was made to feel as comfortable as I was.

The financial aspect of my hospitalization (c) is the one about which I know fewest details. I don't even remember whether I did or did not have health insurance through the University, and doubt that the fraternity had taken out any insurance for me as part of their sponsorship. All I do know that they handled whatever costs my hospitalization entailed. While I was in

hospital, Ernest and the Aunts saw to it that whatever possessions I still had in England were shipped to Canada. Since the war was still raging and German submarines threatened sea transportation, I know that the fraternity volunteered to insure the shipment. The shipment was torpedoed and was lost at sea, but the fraternity recovered \$600 for the loss from the insurance, and I was told that that just about covered my hospital bill. Since hospitalization was at that time considerably less expensive than it is now, that is possibly true. But it is also possible that I was told this story only to prevent me from feeling guilty.

Incidentally, the fact that I had had a lung abscess made me unfit for military service, and thus for the COTC. So a few months after I had been enlisted in the COTC, I had to leave it again. But mercifully that did not affect my staying at the university.

The fact that I did not get out of hospital until early summer created another problem. I had counted on earning enough money through a summer job to defray at least part of my keep for my sophomore year. But I was not well enough to take a full-time job. Through friends at the fraternity, however, I got a job as counselor at a Jewish summer camp in the Muskoka Lake district of Ontario. That was not too demanding, and the fresh air was good for my recuperation. Moreover, I made at least **some** money and found a little side job for the rest of the year to help a bit.⁶

This little job was the following. Among the people outside the university that I had met during my freshman year there was the refugee family Siegfried Weinberg, rich relatives of a friend of my parents, who had succeeded in finding refuge in Canada and had somehow heard that I was in Toronto. They had invited me to dinner a couple of times before I fell ill. I believe Mr. Weinberg ran a textile factory. But just before I came out of the

8. I believe I remember all my summer activities during my four years as a student, but I am not quite sure about the exact sequence. Part of that is due to the fact that several summers I held more than one job. For example, twice when I was a camp counselor, I held additional jobs before and/or after camp, since camp lasted for only four to six weeks, and the summer vacations could be up to four months long.

hospital, he had decided to add jigsaw puzzles of fairy tales to his enterprises. As part of the jigsaw package, he got the idea of enclosing leaflets with a summary of each fairy tale. He offered me the job of composing these leaflets, and paid me \$20 and for each summary. That was fairly generous at that time and a nice addition to what I got from the fraternity (in addition to free bed and breakfast).

At the end of the sophomore year I was awarded my first scholarship at University College. It wasn't much money, but enough to help and enhance my prestige. For the summer of 1944 (I think, but it may have been a year later), I got a very interesting job with a traveling fair that was to take me most of the way west across Canada. My job was to be a "stick," i.e., I was given money to play games at various booths (shooting galleries, wheel of fortune, etc.) that had no customers yet in the hope that my presence would attract customers. We lived and slept on a train, which would stop for a week or so at one locality and then proceed to the next. But, alas, after a day at the first stop, Hamilton, Ontario, I developed pneumonia, and had to be taken to a local hospital. Thank God, I didn't have to stay long, but I had lost my job. I went back to Toronto, where I found a job at a factory that made artificial bathroom tiles. Large boards of formica were divided by grooves into squares, then sprayed with (usually white) enamel, and when they had dried I had to draw black lines through the grooves to make the whole look like a fake wall of bathroom tiles. These were then sold to be put up in bathrooms. It was a rather dull job, but it paid. Since I had to work from ca. 7:30 a.m. until 5 p.m., I was lucky enough to find a job as a waiter in a fairly decent restaurant not far from the fraternity, where I worked until about 9 or 10 p.m. It was a strenuous day, but I earned some extra money. To supplement that, I was again lucky in winning a scholarship for my junior year.

My junior year, ca. September 1944 to May 1945, was noteworthy in that I was friends with two remarkable graduate students, both of whom I had known from internment. The first and more lasting friend was Tom Rosenmeyer, who had taken a B.A. in Classics at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, and had come to Toronto to begin graduate studies. The

other one was Emil Fackenheim, a bit older than either Tom or I, who was taking his Ph.D. in Arabic Philosophy at Toronto. Somehow, I had more friends in different departments in my junior year than at any other time in my undergraduate career.

1944 was also the year of my one and only stage performance as a student. The French Club of University College was staging a performance in French of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. And despite the fact that I had only had high-school French in Germany, had never taken a university course in French, and had never had any meaningful theatrical experience, I was asked to take the main part of Monsieur Jourdain. I cannot think of any reason why they asked me. Perhaps they thought I had the right shape of a French 18th-century bourgeois. In any event, I accepted, enjoyed myself tremendously, and performed successfully enough to get some fan mail afterwards, including a lovely note from my own Professor Norwood. This was my one and only stage success.

One thing I shall never forget is that it was on May 8th, 1945, the day on which victory in Europe was declared, that I was busy writing my final exams on—Pindar, the Greek poet whose main claim to fame are the Victory Odes he wrote to celebrate the winners in the Panhellenic Games at Olympia, Delphi, and Nemea. When I came out of the exam, people were celebrating and jubilating all over. The next day was declared a national holiday. Absolutely all commercial establishments were closed, and there wasn't even a restaurant to which I could go for breakfast. At that moment, a friend of mine who roomed in the same house as Tom Rosenmeyer, Dennis Wrong, came to the door and asked me what I was going to do for breakfast. When I replied that I didn't know, he suggested that we both go to the house of his grandfather nearby. He was an elderly retired Professor of History, George Wrong, who welcomes us with open arms and fed us. Incidentally, Dennis became a fairly well-known Professor of Sociology at NYU. His father, Hume Wrong, was high up in the Canadian Foreign Office. It was a distinguished Canadian family.

The end of the war in Europe made life a little easier. I remember that toward the end of that year Hella and Jülle invited me to visit them in Chicago. Since I was not yet a citizen, I had to get a visa which was stamped on a notarized identity statement, drafted by myself and valid just for the duration of my visit. But it was not much later in 1945 that my naturalization as a Canadian citizen came through.

The most important event on that visit to Chicago was that it was the first time I was to meet in person a girl, who had been a friend of Ernest's in England and had, at Ernest's suggestion, started to correspond with me on her arrival in the U.S. in December 1944. She was now living with her family in Chicago. Her name was Lore Weinberg, and we had arranged that she meet me at the railroad station in Chicago. But we missed each other, and when I took a taxi to Hella's, she had already gone there, as she could not find me at the station. I think we hit it off with one another pretty fast—and the rest is history. That was the surprise and most consequential part of the trip. But it was of course also a great event to see my family again for the first time since 1938, to see how Marlene had grown from a 6-year old into a beautiful high-school girl, and to meet her sister Joanne (born in 1941) for the first time.

Of the summer of 1945 I remember only that I took a job as Counselor in a Jewish summer camp in Algonquin Park, Ontario, where I spent much time on my days off canoeing and exploring the many lakes with beaver dams and other natural wonders. Once, as we were preparing our meal in a remote cabin, we even saw a bear rummaging around the place. Thank God, he left soon. It was in that camp that news of the surrender of Japan and the end of the war reached me.

Few but important memorable events happened in my senior year, 1945-46. Most of the year was taken up with making plans for what would happen after graduation. I recall that I was offered a teaching job in Nova Scotia—I think it was at Dalhousie University. When I went to my mentor, Professor Norwood, to discuss that possibility, I was flabbergasted to hear him ask me: "Did you tell them that you are Jewish?" When I suggested that

the question of my ability to teach Greek and Latin was of greater moment, he replied: “You don’t have to tell me that, But I don’t want you to be faced with disappointment, if upon finding out that you are Jewish, they will turn you down on some excuse or other.”

That confirmed me in my determination to adhere to my more solid desire to go to graduate school than to face the “real” world. It also made me even more conscious of what it meant to be Jewish—even outside Germany, and in a place I believed to be “safe.” However, there was also a painful awareness that I could not do graduate work without financial support. So one thing I did was to write a letter to the Chairman of the Classics Department at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, inquiring about the possibility of graduate work there and of financial support. In response, I received a lovely and warm letter, written in Hebrew (and translated for me by a young member of the Oriental Studies Department of University College), by Professor Moshe Schwabe. He invited me to come to Jerusalem for study and assured me of a warm welcome, But he also expressed his regret that no financial support was available, but hoped that there might be some after a year. Since I had absolutely no source of income, I simply could not afford that. So I had to decline, writing him a very regretful note of thanks, and turn my attention elsewhere.

At that time, there was very little graduate work in Canada; following the British tradition, most academics took a job in teaching (high school or college) after their B.A. degree. More promising (and personally attractive) was the prospect of going to the U.S. for graduate work. I applied to altogether seven American institutions for admission and fellowship support, and was admitted to all but Yale, where they insisted on my taking the so-called “Graduate Record Examination,” which I didn’t want to do. Three reasons made me opt for the University of Chicago: (1) Hella and Jülle lived there, so that I could be with family, and (2) Lore was a student there. Moreover, (3) Lore had alerted me to the existence at Chicago of a new and very exciting graduate program. It was run by the “Committee on Social Thought,” and its distinctive feature was that study for M.A. and/or Ph.D. centered on the completion of a project involving at least two of the

conventional university departments. The student would formulate a project, would take **any** courses in any part of the university that he/she regarded as relevant to the project, and then proceed to write a Master's Essay or a doctoral dissertation on the subject. In addition he needed to pass an elaborate "Comprehensive Examination" on a reading list the Committee deemed relevant to his project. I was very excited by the breadth of that program, especially after just having absolved four years concentrated on nothing but Classics.

Since I was at the time very interested in the impact psychoanalysis had on the study of myth, my project was to study psychological approaches to Greek myth. In addition, I was encouraged by Professor Norwood telling me that a fascinating young man, David Grene, whose book he had recently reviewed, had just joined the Committee on Social Thought. A factor was also that Chicago offered me a larger (and more realistic) amount of fellowship money than any other institution.

One big damper was put on my high spirits. In the middle of my final exams in May 1946, I received the news from Ernest that our beloved Papa had died in Theresienstadt, and that my "liebe, gute, allerbeste Mama," as I used to call her (= dearest, good, and best of all Mamas) had been killed in Auschwitz. If I remember correctly, Ernest had found out from Mama's last letter, which Uncle Felix Bachmann had just sent him, as well as from the Red Cross. As you can imagine, it was a frightful blow at a time I was under stress, anyway. For a while I contemplated not going through with my exams. But on more mature reflection I decided to persevere, but at the same time to let my professors know indirectly that I had been writing some of my exams under stress. I went to my friend, Professor Barker Fairley to confide my predicament to him without suggesting that he should do anything about it. But he was humane and sympathetic enough to tell my teachers, and I suddenly found myself inundated with letters of sympathy from them. As a result, I am not sure to this day whether the "highest honours" and the gold medal with which I got my B.A. are really deserved or whether sympathy was involved in that good a degree.

V. U.S.A.

1. Chicago

The only job I had in the summer of 1946 was the same I had the summer before, counselor in Camp Algonquin in northern Ontario. Although I had an enjoyable and relaxing time and made some money, I was very anxious to get to Chicago as soon as possible. I arrived there toward the end of August. For the first couple of weeks or so I stayed with Hella and Jülle with daily trips to the University on the south side to be with Lore and to look for a place to live. Eventually, I found a nice and inexpensive room on Woodlawn Avenue within about two blocks of the University and not far from International House where Lore lived. When the landlady, a Mrs. Morrissey, found out that I was born in Germany, she told me that her physician, Dr. Max Mond, came from Germany. It turned out that he originally came from Hella's birthplace, Werl, and that he had been a fraternity brother of my father's, and that he and his wife, Else were close friends of Hella and Jülle's, and had been good friends of my parents. The Monds did not live far from the University and we became very close friends; in fact, for the next two years Lore and I had a standing invitation to have a very good Sunday brunch at their home.

I used the rest of the month before the University started to get settled and to make a point of introducing myself to the members of the Committee on Social Thought. The most important of these for me was David Grene, who was to be my tutor. From the first meeting on, our relationship was very successful. Not only had his praises been sung to me by Professor Norwood, so that I was very eager to meet him, but, as I did not know at the time, Grene had just been fired by the Classics Department as too volatile and had been taken in with open arms by the Committee on Social Thought. He had accepted that transfer with some reluctance, because he thought he would not get any Classics students through the Committee, when I arrived on the

scene as a highly recommended student from Toronto, and he regarded me as a vindication of his transfer.

What was most unusual about David Grene was that he was a passionate farmer, who ran his own farm in Joliet outside Chicago, and commuted by car to the University to do his teaching. He was an Irish Protestant, who had done brilliant undergraduate work at Trinity College, Dublin, and had after that done a year's graduate work under Ludwig Rademacher in Vienna. He thus spoke fluent German. But he was very anti-Nazi and, seeing the war coming, emigrated to the U.S. He first got a job at Harvard, but he disliked that so intensely that he accepted, after a year, a teaching job in the Classics Department at Chicago. However, he found the department too barren and unimaginative and refused their demand that he get a Ph.D., and they found him too unconventional and erratic. So after about a year they parted ways and the newly founded Committee on Social Thought picked him up. It was he who convinced me, shortly after I started to work with him, that my project of psychoanalyzing Greek myth was much too ambitious, and advised me to choose a more doable subject instead. I followed his advice and made my Master's thesis a comparison of the treatments of the Electra story by Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

David Grene was a stubborn and temperamental person, full of brilliant ideas but too impatient to back them up through meticulous scholarship. In a sense, he was just what I felt I needed after four years of narrow scholarship at Toronto. Moreover, he was a fiery and inspiring teacher, probably the best I ever had. Certainly, if my scholarship now has any breadth, much of that is due to him.

David Grene and his then-wife Marjorie took very much to Lore and me, and we became friends very fast. Much of our courtship was spent on the Grene farm. Sundays were especially interesting, because they always had lots of interesting people out, mainly to help them building fences, feeding the sheep, pigs, and cows—and to talk. We became especially good friends with Marjorie, an outstanding philosopher in her own right, but also thoroughly devoted to David. David left her many years later to marry a

girl who had been a student of his at the same time as I. After his divorce from Marjorie, our relationship to her became closer and relaxed our bonds to David.

We met a lot of interesting and distinguished people on the farm. There was the famous Dutch Egyptologist Henry Frankfort and his wife Yettie, the Assytiologist Pinhas (Pierre) Deloughaz, and occasionally, too, colleagues from the Committee, such as the art historian Otto von Simson, a member of the Moses Mendelsohn family who had converted to Catholicism, with his lovely and very aristocratic wife Lulix, and the historian Daniel Boorstin, who later became Librarian of Congress. The two years I spent as a student at the Committee were for both Lore and me a socially and intellectually very stimulating period.

We also shared our friendship with fellow students. On Lore's side there were Charles and Millie Holzinger, the latter a fellow student at the School of Social Work, and Lillian Spurgeon, at whose wedding we were the main witnesses. There was also a lovely English fellow student, Alison Ball, who married Harry Olcutt and moved to Billings, Montana. and, above all, before I came to Chicago, Dora Schocken, who was pregnant with Miriam at the time. (Ted was at that time still overseas with the army.) On my side our main friends were Michael and Virginia Jameson as well as Tanya Cizevska, who later switched from Classics to Russian and whom we encountered again when we were both graduate studenrs at Columbia. And through the Committee on Social Thought and International House we both made friends with Étienne Bloch who had come as a student from France. He was the son of the great French-Jewish mediaeval historian Marc Bloch, who, as a member of the French resistance, had been killed by the Nazis. His grandfather, Gustave Bloch, had been an influential Roman Historian in Strassbourg. We visited Étienne on two visits to France in later years.

In addition to our relations with people at the University, we both enjoyed the proximity of our families, Lore's mother and sister (and, from 1947 on, also her brother Steve); and I Hella and Jülle and their family and friends, including the Monds.

However, although I had a great respect and admiration for David Grene, his personality so overwhelmed me that, in writing my Master's thesis, I found myself wondering not "what do **I** think about this or that problem?," but "Will **David** approve of what I am saying?" In short, I felt that he was "sitting" on me and that I had to escape from him. I happened about that time to be sitting in on a Goethe seminar given by Professor Arnold Bergsträsser, who encouraged me to consult a Classicist acquaintance of his, Professor Kurt von Fritz at Columbia University. I did write to him, and he invited me to apply to Columbia for my doctoral work. I did and was awarded a fellowship of \$1800, which was so favorable that I accepted. That step was one of the reasons why Lore, who had meanwhile received her M.A. with election to Phi Beta Kappa, and I decided to get married later that year.

Before then, we took two trips together. The first of these was to New York for the Christmas vacations of 1946-47, mainly to meet Mummy's family in New York, Friedel and Paul Rose and their sons, John and Peter, both of whom were students at Cornell at the time, as well as Dr. Anna Tendlau, who had recently come from Israel to be closer to her American family. Lore stayed at the Roses, while I got a room at nearby International House. We saw a lot of New York and had a wonderful time together.

The second trip was a bicycle trip in September of 1947 that took us from Chicago as far as Madison, Wisconsin. For purposes of that trip, we had joined the Youth Hostel Association, because it had a number of well-located hostels in Wisconsin, and we determined our itinerary by their locations. I remember only two of our stops. One was Janesville, where a newly-wed couple took us under their wings, took us in their car through the surroundings, and treated us to innumerable drinks of rootbeer (which neither of us liked, but to which they were addicted).

The second and more memorable stop was at Oregon, Wisconsin, a few miles outside Madison, where the hostel was part of a "Fellowship Farm," which was run by a very interesting couple, Walter and MaryJo

Uphoff. They were both very warm-hearted and compassionate people, devout Christians, and passionate union people and members of the American Socialist party. The latter affiliation went so far that they had named the eldest of their three sons Norman Thomas and the second Eugene (after the labor leader Eugene Debs). Moreover, Walter had been a candidate on the Socialist ticket for the governorship of Wisconsin. (He was defeated.)

We arrived at Fellowship Farm on a Friday afternoon and, after settling in, decided to cycle on to Madison to have dinner and perhaps take in a movie. To that end we bought a local newspaper. In it we saw an advertisement for Shabbat services at Temple Beth-El to be conducted by—Rabbi Manfred Swarsensky! You can imagine how excited I got to see in the middle of Wisconsin the name of one of my favorite German rabbis, whom I had briefly met in the concentration camp Sachsenhausen.⁷

I don't remember whether we went to see a movie that night, but I vividly remember that on our return to the hostel, I told Walter Uphoff of my discovery. It happened that Walter knew Swarsensky well from his inter-faith activities, and before I knew it, he was on the telephone to tell Swarsensky that someone who knew him was at the youth hostel. Swarsensky asked Walter to have me come and visit him the next day. I have already mentioned (p. 51, above) how impressed I was that he remembered not only me but also my father and brother from the single face-to face encounter we had in Sachsenhausen. A day later, I went to introduce my girl friend to him, and when we decided a few months later to get married, we enthusiastically asked him to conduct the ceremony. But that was still more than a year in the future.

Upon receiving her M.A. in Social Work in the summer of 1947, Lore got a job as a psychiatric social worker at the *Community Service Society* in Chicago in January 1948. She worked under the supervision of Dorothy Large, with whom she got along very well, and who thought very highly of

⁷ For a biography of Dr. Swarsensky, see Marvin Zolot, *Mensch: Biography and Writings of Manfred Eric Swarsensky* (Madison: Edgewood College Press, 2009).

her. Thus she was already gainfully employed by the time I got my M.A. in the spring of 1948. She took a room in the apartment of Charles and Millie Holzinger not far from where I had my room. We saw each other practically every day.

I think it was in 1948 that I had a very interesting job at the University of Chicago Press in the early part of the summer. The Press had committed itself to publish an edition of *The Sphere of Sacrobosco* by the historian Lynne Thorndike. It is an important work on mediaeval science, but the problem was that the original text was in Latin, and they had no proofreader competent in Latin. So I was offered the job on the premise that it would be easier to train me as a proofreader than to train a proofreader in Latin. So I got an interesting summer job and—equally important—earned some extra money.

After I finished that job, we spent our vacations in Canada at *Lake Wilbermere Farm* in Wilberforce, northern Ontario, which someone had recommended to us. On the way there, we stopped in Toronto for a couple of days, where I showed Lore my old stomping grounds. From there we proceeded by bus to Wilberforce. It was a beautiful and relaxing spot, the weather was good, and we spent most of our time outdoors swimming and hiking. On our way back to Chicago by train we stopped over in Buffalo to visit Tante Thé Godshaw, whom Lore knew very well from Hanover, and who, as the mother of Freddy, had been the landlady of as well as a kind of foster-mother to Ernest, and in that sense had been instrumental in bringing Lore and me together. By the time we got married on December 27th, 1948, I was already in New York and a student at Columbia University.

2. New York and Middletown

Not many weeks later, I had to be off to New York for the beginning of the semester at Columbia. I got a room at International House to start with, but began almost immediately to look for an apartment in which to settle upon our marriage. Through an advertisement in the German-Jewish newspaper, the *Aufbau*, I eventually found a furnished sublet at 187 West 100th Street at the corner of Amsterdam Avenue. It was a fifth-floor walkup, without an elevator. It was small—living room, bedroom, bathroom, and kitchen—but affordable and within walking distance of Columbia. The man who had rented it had been hospitalized (presumably in a mental hospital) and during his absence his relatives decided to sublet his apartment.

Apart from daily trips to Columbia to arrange for and begin my studies, I did what I could to get the place in shape for our joint occupancy, and to get ready for the wedding. In that as well as in other things, Lore's aunt Friedel was of tremendous help. Not only did she and her husband Paul make me feel welcome and at home by inviting me frequently over to their apartment, but I remember especially how she took me shopping for a suitable wedding suit, and assisted me in other ways to get the apartment and myself ready for marriage. Lore meanwhile looked after the more laborious Chicago end. We jointly arranged a wedding date convenient to Rabbi Swarsensky, Lore and Granny shipped whatever household stuff Granny had given us to New York, had our wedding rings made, made the arrangements for such pre-wedding formalities as medical tests, marriage license, and so on, and especially made all the preparations—food, invitations, flowers, decorations, etc.—for the most sumptuous and festive wedding I've ever seen anywhere—at 366 South Avenue in Glencoe, Illinois, on December 27th, 1948.

We had agreed to invite my friend Tom Rosenmeyer to be our best man, and he accepted; Jackie Freeman, then aged 2, was to be the flower-girl. But then came the bomb-shell surprise: a letter arrived from Ernest, telling us that Gerhard Halle and the Aunts had, as a wedding present for us, chipped in together to buy him a round-trip plane ticket to be with us for the

wedding! You cannot imagine how happy that made me, particularly since we had not seen one another since we had been interned in 1940. We decided now to ask Ernest to be best man. Tom graciously bowed out, but remained of course one of the top guests at the wedding. I met Ernest at LaGuardia Airport when he arrived from England a few days before the wedding and went with him by train to Chicago. He had not changed much since I had last seen him, but he had lost most of his hair.

The wedding itself went off wonderfully in every respect. In fact, since it came right after Chanukkah and Christmas, which had already paved the way for an exhilarated atmosphere, there was not one sour note. The ceremony itself took place in the Freemans' living room in Glencoe under a tallith instead of a chuppah. The whole house had been decorated with all kinds of flowers by Granny and Lieselott. They had been provided by Jack Freeman's relative, Karl Goldschmidt, who was a professional gardener. Lore had a lovely bunch of her favorite yellow roses as her bridal bouquet, and looked more gorgeous than ever.

The guests blended in beautifully with one another, although they were a very mixed bunch. There was the whole of Lore's family both from her mother's and father's side, Ernest, Hella, Jülle, Marlene, and Joanne from my side, many of my teachers from the Committee, and the many friends that Lore and I had made together as well as separately. I don't know how many people came, but the house was full.

Since neither of us wanted the conventional "Here comes the bride" to be played on our entrance and exit, I chose the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" from Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* for our entrance, and Lore the wedding march from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro* for our exit. The fact that both these pieces were part of operas made it extremely difficult to obtain gramophone records of either. However, the payoff came after that had successfully been accomplished: Steve, who had taken on the responsibility for playing the records, got so excited during the ceremony that he forgot to put on the *Figaro* record in time, so only the Gluck record was played.

Dr. Swarsensky spoke beautifully and movingly, but I am sorry to have to admit that I forget what his theme was. That Ernest was “best man “ I have already mentioned. Jack Freeman “gave away” the bride, and the Ketubah was witnessed by Uncle Fritz, the twin brother of Lore’s father Oscar. He lived on the South Side of Chicago with his very beautiful wife Line. They had a daughter named Evelyn and a son named Peter. I was very fond of them and regret that we didn’t see more of them in Chicago. Of that part of the family only Peter is still alive, and we are in sporadic contact with him.

In the evening we had a grandiose and fantastic family dinner in the Freemans’ living room, and for the wedding night Granny had put her apartment on Wallen Avenue at our disposal. A couple of days later, Lore and I went by train to New York. Ernest stayed a little longer at Hella’s and then followed us to our New York apartment. We had a very good time together exploring New York, and he returned to England about a week or ten days later. For the first time Lore and I were now alone in our own apartment.

I had by that time well settled in at Columbia and begun taking courses. Although I never regretted that I had initially chosen the Committee on Social Thought for my graduate work, I felt intellectually more at home and back on the “straight and narrow path” in the Department of Greek and Latin at Columbia. It was a department made particularly excellent by the presence of two brilliant German refugee professors, neither of whom was Jewish. Professor Kurt von Fritz was Chairman of the Department. Born in 1900, he was 48 years old when I entered Columbia. He had a very unusual history behind him. His father had been a professional officer in the German army and wanted him to follow in his footsteps. But for reasons of health von Fritz was deemed unfit for military service and opted instead for an academic career in mathematics and science. At the University of Freiburg, however, he got so enamoured of the lectures on Thucydides by the distinguished Classicist, Eduard Schwartz, that he taught himself Greek, which he had never had in high school, followed Schwartz to Munich, took his degree in Greek in 1923, and four

years later got his *Habilitation*, a very advanced degree and prerequisite for an academic appointment in Germany. After that, his first appointment was as assistant to Professor Ernst Kapp in Hamburg, and his first full academic appointment came in 1933 at the University of Rostock at the age of 33, shortly before Hitler came to power.

Since in Germany all universities were financed by the state, professors were counted as civil servants. In that capacity they were required as of August 14th, 1934, to take an oath of absolute allegiance to the “Führer.” Most of the professors complied. von Fritz was an exception, despite the fact that this was his first tenured job and the beginning of his career. As an “Aryan” and not being tainted by Jewish or anti-Nazi political connections, he could easily have put his career ahead of his moral principles. But he regarded the oath as a restriction of his academic freedom, and wrote to his superiors that he “could only take the requested oath, if it was confirmed for me in writing by the highest authorities that on the basis of this oath an order could not be placed on me to teach anything at all that would contradict my beliefs.”⁸

Almost predictably, von Fritz was dismissed from his job, and a little later banned even from using the university library in Munich, where he had moved with his wife and young son upon being fired from Rostock. Through the good offices of Professor Eduard Fraenkel, a German Jew who had meanwhile been lucky enough to be appointed to the professorship in Latin at Oxford upon being ousted from his position in Germany, von Fritz got an invitation to teach two semesters on Greek mathematics at Corpus Christi College at Oxford. While there, he was offered and accepted an

⁸ This translation, together with its original German, is taken from an excellent article by Hans Peter Obermayer, “Kurt von Fritz and Ernst Kapp at Columbia University: : A reconstruction according to the files,” *Classical World* 101 (2008), pp. 211-49, quotation on p. 222. Much of what I shall be saying on von Fritz and Kapp in the sequel, especially what I do not know directly from them, is based on this well-documented study. Obermayer, whose interest in the subject was aroused when he was awarded a prize for his dissertation, established in von Fritz’s honour, at the University of Munich. Since he knew that I had been von Fritz’s student in the U.S., he contacted me soon after his arrival in this country. He and his family have visited us on several occasions in Swarthmore.

instructor's job at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. With his little family he moved there in 1936. A year later, 1937-38, he was invited to become Visiting Associate Professor of Greek and Latin at Columbia. His position was soon (I'm not sure exactly when) regularized to a full tenured professorial appointment, and he became Chairman of the Department in 1946, i.e., two years before I arrived on the scene.

The most remarkable thing about von Fritz was his versatility as a Classical scholar. He was equally proficient in Greek and in Roman studies; courses I took from him ranged from linguistics and Greek dialects to Hellenistic literature; from Greek historiography and history to political philosophy—and he excelled in all. His one flaw, as his friend and colleague Ernst Kapp once remarked to me was that “he works too fast.” By that he must have meant that sometimes he did not linger on a given problem long enough to think it through (at least to Kapp's satisfaction). It is to him that I owe my interest in Greek political thinking and institutions as well as Greek history and historiography. He had a lot of learned friends in other departments and contributed very much to make the serious study of Classics an interdisciplinary enterprise at Columbia.

As a person, he went out of his way to be helpful to me as well as to his other students. That was especially the case when Mummy had difficulties in getting naturalized (as I will report in its place later). He often invited his students to his house in New Rochelle, and, though busy on many fronts, was always available for his students. I never hesitated in wanting him to supervise my dissertation, and it was he who suggested the subject: *The Unwritten Laws and the Ancestral Constitution of Ancient Athens*, on the basis of which I received my doctorate in 1952, shortly before the birth of Mark (now Mordecai) cast its sunshine upon our lives.

von Fritz was an enthusiastic admirer of the Constitution of the U.S., and in fact wrote an important book—*The Theory of the Mixed Constitution in Antiquity* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1954)—about its roots in antiquity. But that did not prevent him from being thoroughly committed to rebuilding German culture after the war. In fact, he regarded it as his duty

to lead young Germans back to the heritage which the Nazis had polluted. While I was at Columbia, he returned to Germany every summer to teach, either at the Free University in Berlin or at the University of Munich, his *alma mater*. Eventually, in 1954, he was invited to assume the chairmanship at the Free University in Berlin. He was reluctant to accept, because he also felt an obligation to his American students, and wanted to negotiate an arrangement by which he would spend half the academic year in Berlin and half in New York. But this arrangement was nixed by his colleague Gilbert Highet, a very flashy popularizer from Britain, who had been appointed to the department at Columbia at the same time as von Fritz. Highet, as I was to find out later in my own case, had two pet dislikes: Germans and Jews, neither of which he displayed openly but rather in particular situations that might arise. In this particular case, he saw the chance to have a dig at the German “scholarly” approach to Classics (over against his own “popularizing” and more popular brand). However, in this case his attitude seems to me to have made a point: there is little sense for someone not in residence for half the academic year to direct doctoral dissertations. In any event, von Fritz was compelled to make a choice, and he opted for Germany. Still, he did not stay in Berlin very long. A professorship fell vacant in his beloved Munich in 1958. It was offered to him and he accepted it. He retired ten years later, but continued to live in Munich until his death on July 16, 1985.

The other professor who lent distinction to the Department of Greek and Latin at Columbia was Ernst Kapp, whose assistant von Fritz had been in Hamburg. Like von Fritz, he was completely “Aryan,” but a staunch anti-Nazi who late in life had married a lady who was classified by the Nazis as “Jewish,” but was probably Jewish only on her father’s side. A student of the great Classical scholar, Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff, and a close friend of his son, Kapp had published in 1912 a trail-blazing dissertation, which established a method of arranging the writings of Aristotle in a chronological order. On that basis he soon won a professorial appointment to the University of Hamburg. Like the city in which it was located, Hamburg had been dominated by the Communists during the Weimar Republic and remained so left-wing even in the early Hitler days that, if I

remember correctly, Hitler never visited it or only under very heavy military protection. The University which was perhaps the only one in which professors who refused to join the Nazi party could maintain themselves, was the most liberal in Germany and had on its faculty luminaries such as the art historian Erwin Panofsky (later at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton), the philosopher Ernst Cassirer, and the Classicists Bruno Snell and Ernst Kapp.

Kapp's emigration from Germany was beset by so many, often senseless, difficulties that I won't try to describe them here, but rather refer you to the detailed report by Hans Peter Obermayer which I mentioned above.⁹ His reasons for this are complicated and I cannot pretend to know all of them. One of them no doubt was his reluctance to publish, so that he was less well-known than was von Fritz. Having begun his career with an outstanding dissertation, he thought that since it was so easy to find a job, he didn't have to go on publishing his thoughts. In fact, he once told me that before getting married he imposed on his wife-to-be the one condition that she would never nag him into publishing. That thought seemed to me ludicrous, since Mrs. Kapp was anything but intellectual. She must have been very beautiful when young, but her face was disfigured by an automobile accident by the time I got to meet her. Allegedly, Kapp had met her in one of the famous cabarets which he is said to have frequented in Hamburg. In New York she worked as a milliner. Kapp loved her dearly and she must have been one strong reason for his desire to emigrate. But in addition, his remaining in Germany was made difficult by the fact that both he and his colleague Snell had published subtle anti-Nazi propaganda in the guise of learned articles: in 1935 Snell published a very learned and heavily annotated note on Apuleius, proving that the sound emitted by a Roman donkey meant "NO, NO", whereas a German donkey says: "YES, YES," a commentary on elections in Hitler Germany in which the options were to vote either "yes" or "no."¹⁰ Kapp had attacked the Nazi control of the universities in a lecture on "Plato and the Academy: Scholarship in the State

⁹ See note 7 above.

¹⁰ Bruno Snell, "Das I-AH des goldenen Esels," *Hermes* 70 (1935) 355-56

and Society.”¹¹ Snell somehow maintained his position in Hamburg without ever joining the Nazis. He spoke fluent English, which he had learned as a civilian internee in England during World War I. I met him later through Kapp at Columbia when he visited the U.S., and invited him to lecture at Swarthmore during a later visit. He was a charming man and one of the great Classicists of the 20th century. His most famous work, *Die Entdeckung des Geistes*, was translated into English by Tom Rosenmeyer under the title *The Discovery of the Mind: The Greek Origins of European Thought* (Harvard University Press, 1953).

As for Kapp, the authorities demanded that he divorce his wife; he categorically refused and was dismissed from his job in 1937. He had always been a very elegant person, but extremely impractical and modest about himself and didn't know how to push himself. Somehow he managed to find shelter in Oxford, and emigrated to the U.S. a year later in late 1938. His immigration into the U.S. was facilitated by the fact that his father, who had been some kind of an *entrepreneur*, had at some point been a citizen of Texas. He arrived in this country almost penniless, but despite strong recommendations from colleagues who had been well-known in Germany but were practically unknown in the U.S., he found only a very inferior job for 1939/40 at *Sophie Newcomb Memorial College for Women* in Louisiana at an annual salary of \$750, too little to get a visa for himself and his wife, when a minimum yearly income of \$2000 was required for immigration. He turned to his former student and colleague Kurt von Fritz for help, and after many laborious efforts, von Fritz got him a visiting appointment to Columbia which was eventually converted into a tenured permanent appointment in 1946. It was two years later that I became his student. The way to the full-time appointment was paved by a series of public lectures von Fritz had arranged for him in the spring of 1941, which were published by the Columbia University Press in the summer of 1942 under the title of *The Greek Foundation of Traditional Logic*. It is, in my opinion, the best and most comprehensible account of Aristotelian logic that I know,

¹¹ E. Kapp, “Platon und die Akademie (Die Wissenschaft im Staat der Wirklichkeit)” *Mnemosyne* 3.4 (1936) 227-46.

Kapp was a less wide-ranging, but more meticulous scholar than von Fritz. His scholarship shone through more in his classes and seminars than in his publications. He was so much of a perfectionist that he was reluctant to commit anything to paper, unless he felt it to be THE truth. For example, he once confessed to me that he had never read anything of St. Thomas Aquinas, because he did not want to spoil his understanding of Aristotle. What he knew he knew perfectly, and that ranged from the whole of Plato and Aristotle to Aristoxenus of Tarentum, a little-read theoretician of music and philosopher of the fourth century B.C.E., and Cicero's philosophical works. He was always very nervous at the beginning of a semester until he felt comfortable that he knew the members of the class. His train of thought was so condensed that sometimes only the better students would understand him, But he was always very humane and compassionate. Two stories of my own experience illustrate this.

At the time I appeared for my first class with him in the fall of 1948—its subject was Plato's *Phaedrus* and *Symposium*—he had been the only member of the Department I, as the holder of an important fellowship, had not yet met. I asked him at the end of the class whether I could see him for a minute. He agreed, took me into his office, but disregarding me, kept on talking about Plato, and especially Plato's *Gorgias*. I felt constrained to interrupt him to tell him, full of fear that thunder would descend on me for the confession, that I had never read the *Gorgias*. To my surprise, his face lit up and he exclaimed: "How wonderful! It is still ahead of you to read it for the first time, and that I can no longer do!" You can imagine how relieved I was.

The other situation was that I was with Kapp and von Fritz on an oral examination in Greek literature, in which the candidate was a girl whom I knew from Toronto. She had come to Columbia for an M.A., when I was already on the faculty there. Although feeling as tense as one feels in oral exams, she had done quite well until she suddenly broke down in tears from nervousness. At that moment, von Fritz swiveled his chair around to stare out of the window, unable to cope with the emotional tension. But Kapp, interpreting the tears as caused by the girl's fear of failing, immediately fired

the question at her: “What were the two kinds of drama we find in Greek literature?” The girl shot back: “Tragedy and comedy,” and the situation was saved at once. Incidentally, the girl passed with what was technically called a “terminal pass,” indicating that she could not go on to a Ph.D.,

Among the other memorable teachers I had at Columbia were Gilbert Highet, whom I have already mentioned and Moses Hadas. Highet was a Scotsman who had a B.A. from Balliol College, where Russell Meiggs had been one of his tutors. He was called to Columbia by its President, Nicholas Murrat Butler to implement his program of beefing up the Humanities. Highet arrived there in 1937, the same year as von Fritz. (His wife, incidentally, was the popular author Helen McInnes, who wrote several best-selling novels.) He was a very effective popularizer, prominent in the newly-installed Humanities program, compulsory for all freshmen, in which I, too, got involved later when I joined the Columbia faculty. He was a good but rather superficial teacher, more interested in the “Great Ideas” than in rigorous scholarship. His most famous book was *The Classical Tradition*, a work of tremendous industry but little depth. He had little sympathy for the kind of work Kapp and von Fritz were doing, and, as already mentioned, he disliked Germans. I have a suspicion that he also disliked Jews, but that was more a matter of the genteel British social attitude than of open anti-Semitism. He was always civil and usually had Moses Hadas on his side in academic matters.

Hadas came from a noted rabbinical family in Georgia. He had taken a rabbinical degree (I’m not sure that it was a s’micha) at the Jewish Theological Seminary on Broadway in 1926 as well as a Ph.D. in Classics at Columbia in 1930. His value to the Department thus consisted in his being well-read in the Greek and Latin of the later Roman Empire as well as in classical and rabbinical Hebrew. He had spent the war years in the armed forces, and upon his discharge had resumed teaching at Columbia. But the combination of his being Jewish and being married to the daughter of a very rich and prominent Jew (I don’t know his name, but remember that he had been U.S. ambassador to Turkey) made his advancement at Columbia unconscionably slow. He was 48 years old when I came to Columbia in

1948, but still was only an Associate Professor. After his return from the war, he divorced his wife and married a very nice gentile student of his who came from a prominent family in Virginia. Since he had to pay alimony for his two children of his first marriage in addition to feeding his new family, he was strapped for money, and he felt compelled to use his talent in languages and his facility in English to publish a lot of translations. This meant that he had to sacrifice scholarship for popularization, and that damaged his reputation as a scholar. His closest associates at Columbia were not the members of the Department of Greek and Latin, but men like Jacques Barzun and Lionel Trilling. He always was very nice and helpful to me. In fact we spent a very Seder at his house. But his scholarship, especially his *History of Greek Literature* and the parallel *History of Latin Literature*, was fairly superficial and reviewers discovered a lot of plagiarism.

There is one further incident I want to mention in connection with Columbia. I usually went there as early as I could in the morning in order to get as much work as possible done in the Classics Reading Room in Butler Library, and was usually there when it opened. But one day in 1949, I noted a little elderly man who always beat me to the punch, coming before I came and leaving after I had left. Looking over his shoulder one day, I noticed that he took notes in German. I asked the librarian who he was. And she told me that he was a visiting scholar from Israel. Guessing that he might possibly be the man who had written me such a nice letter in Hebrew when I had inquired from Toronto about the possibility of studying at the Hebrew University, I took my courage in my hands, went to introduce myself and asked him: "Are you by any chance Professor Moshe Schwabe?" —And he was. He told me he was in New York with his wife on his first research leave ever, and we soon became very good friends. Our relations grew even closer when it turned out that Mummy's Aunt Anna had been the obstetrician who brought their grandchildren into the world. We often met socially, and he was very helpful to me in my studies, and I helped him in any way I could with his English. He told me much about life at the Hebrew University and about his students there. I looked up one of his favorites on

our first visit to Israel in 1962, and that was Ra'anana Meridor, with whom I am still friendly.

From this digression on my life as a student at Columbia, let me return to our personal lives. Lore and I spent only about a year in our apartment at 187 West 100th Street. Lore had no trouble finding a good job as a psychiatric social worker at the *Jewish Board of Guardians*, where she worked with unmarried Jewish mothers. She enjoyed the job, her work was appreciated, and she made several good friends. It also gave her an opportunity of seafaring, since the hostel for the unmarried girls was on Staten Island, and she had to visit it at least once a week. Not least important, her income was indispensable for the support of both of us. We both enjoyed New York tremendously and took advantage of the many musical and stage events and museums. Our apartment was centrally located near Broadway. We had a fairly active social life with the family, especially the Roses, but also with our colleagues at our respective jobs, and people we knew from Toronto or Chicago.

By early 1950 I had finished the whole barrage of written and oral exams and only had my dissertation to complete to get my doctorate. Columbia had given me good fellowships for both of the years I had been studying there (\$1800 the first and \$1500 the second year), and I started looking around for a job. I got an offer of a one-year position at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts, but turned it down when Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, came up with a longer-term position.

Before we went there, I took driving lessons in New York, which I passed on my second attempt. In preparation for the move to Middletown we bought a second-hand 1946 Ford, but I was too scared to drive it as far as Connecticut, and we asked our friend Tom Rosenmeyer to drive us and our belongings to Middletown in it. The rest of our belongings—not very much, since we had a furnished apartment in New York, and therefore no furniture—came through a mover. The only casualty of that trip was that,

with all windows open, the wind blew one of Mummy's hats out of the car, and it was never retrieved.

Wesleyan University provided us with a small but very pleasant apartment on the campus, and we spent a very happy year there. It was the first encounter either of us had at a small college in a small town, and we had no trouble making friends. In fact, I think our social life in Middletown was more active than any in our whole married life. Mummy had no trouble finding an interesting job at the local state hospital, and I had a number of interesting and very hospitable colleagues. Among these was the Classicist Norman O. Brown, who later taught at Rochester and finally at the University of California at Santa Cruz, and the Historian Carl Schorske, who went from there to the University of California at Berkeley and finally to Princeton, where we visited him and his wife on one of our stays at the Institute.

One of my important professional experiences there were that I had to teach "Humanities" for the first time in my life. To some extent, my experience at the Committee on Social Thought had prepared me for a serious encounter with "general education." Moreover, the study of Classics had paved the way for handling different genres of literature and of different periods. But to have a limited time to discuss—and that in translation "Great Books" was a considerable challenge, especially, since Humanities was a required subject of all students, many sections were taught by different faculty members and you could not fall behind: there was, e.g., ONE week in which to discuss the entire *Iliad*, and that was it. To help the teachers along, there were weekly meetings at which each work was discussed, so that non-specialists could get the benefit of the views of specialists. For example, I benefited from the input from French teachers on Molière, and they benefited from mine on Homer, the Greek tragedians, and Plato. All in all, I think I learned more than my students did.

Some political problems came to a head while we were at Wesleyan. I had originally come to the U.S. as a Canadian citizen and on a student's visa. As such I was a "legal" resident of the U.S. as long as I was enrolled as a

student. But my acceptance of a teaching job at Wesleyan forced me to “break” my student status and become an immigrant. The difficulty with that was that immigration was regulated by a quota determined by the country in which the prospective immigrant was born. In my case that was Germany. However, the German quota had been overdrawn, and it would have taken me several years before my turn would have come. The only short-cut was to immigrate on a “preferred” quota as the spouse of an American citizen.

And here came the second hitch. Mummy had become eligible for naturalization already in Chicago. But political conditions had posed an obstacle. The nature of her job in Chicago had compelled her to join the social workers’ union. It happened that the union chapter in Chicago was dominated by the Communists. Although she had only antipathy to the Communists, she had no choice but join the union and decided to fight its undemocratic methods from within by drafting and distributing anti-Communist pamphlets in her office. That made her technically a “functionary” of the union, and this fact had crept into her naturalization files and delayed her citizenship. At this point that did not affect her alone, but also me, since I had no American spouse. I was now an “illegal” immigrant and subject to deportation.

Help came from two quarters. A Jewish committee in Hartford helped me in applying and getting a “Stay of Deportation,” which constitutes a pledge by the U.S. government not to deport me and permit me to work until my status would be normalized; and secondly, Wesleyan University enlisted the help of Senator William Benton of Connecticut to expedite the handling of Mummy’s naturalization, so that the University could legally keep me in my job..

This worked, but not until several months later, when we had returned to New York and I was on the Columbia faculty. What delayed matters was that this happened to be the beginning of the McCarthy period, when the Communist threat was viciously exaggerated and misused by right-wing rabble rousers against their political opponents. We had been back in New

York for only a few months, when Mummy, at a very excruciating and unpleasant hearing before the Immigration and Naturalization Service, was cleared of any suspicions and granted her U.S. citizenship. That cleared the way for my immigration. Our friend Hayden Scott, an art historian whom we had met at Wesleyan, drove with me to Montreal, where I got my immigration visa at the U.S. Consulate.

The nature of the story has made me again to get ahead of myself. Well into my second semester at Wesleyan, a vacancy had opened up at Columbia College, and von Fritz invited me to come back and join the faculty. The decision to leave Wesleyan so soon was not easy, because we had been very happy there and Wesleyan had been more than generous in promoting Mummy's naturalization and thus my immigration. But since we saw my future to be better served at a great university, and since I had not yet completed my dissertation at Columbia, we decided to accept the invitation. After all, von Fritz was its sponsor, and had suggested its subject ("The Unwritten Laws and the Ancestral Constitution of Ancient Athens") to me. I had been busy working on it in the Classics Seminar Room at Yale every day that I was not teaching, and was anxious to get it done.

We spent our vacation in the summer of 1951 at Wellfleet on Cape Cod, a lovely spot from which both the bayside and the oceanside of the sea were accessible. We swam, explored the Cape and Provincetown, and took a wonderful ferry ride to Nantucket. We also had a very memorable dinner: Mummy's boss from her job at the state hospital in Middletown, "Sister" Forst, happened to be vacationing on the Cape with a friend, and we invited them for dinner at a smørgasbord place in Chatham. To our surprise, there was no printed menu at all, and you never knew what would be served next. Sister Forst became restive, and said one should never eat at a place that doesn't let you know ahead of time what you were going to eat. However, the food turned out plentiful, varied, and excellent. However, when the bill came, I found to my great embarrassment that I hadn't brought my wallet along, and there was no way out, except that our "guests" had to pay. Mercifully, they took it in good spirits, and I think they enjoyed the meal

every bit as much as we did. A few weeks later we moved back to New York.

2. Kew Gardens

Through friends, we were able to find a most agreeable apartment in New York in Kent Manor, at 117 Park Lane South in Kew Gardens, Queens. Despite its distance from Columbia—every commute took about an hour and involved two changes on the subway—we preferred that location to a more convenient apartment in Manhattan. It was less crowded, close to a park and to woods, had more of a German-Jewish atmosphere including friends, such as Phil and Lynne Goldmann, Vera and Peter Sander, whom we had known since our childhood in Germany.¹² But most of all, since we were thinking of having children, Kew Gardens seemed a more suitable place than crowded Manhattan.

We lived in Kent Manor for our entire stay in New York, that is, until we moved to Swarthmore in 1958. Our apartment was small, but we were very happy in it. It consisted of a corridor lined with my professional books, at the end of which stood the desk at which I did my work. There was a large living room, and a large bedroom. After Mark was born, we used the bedroom for the children and slept on the couches in the living

¹² Phil Goldmann had been one of the leaders of the B.d.j.J. (a Jewish youth organization) in Hannover, and Vera Sander, née Koppel, comes from Dortmund and is the sister of my late friend Uli (Richard) Koppel.

room. Before entering the living room there was a small but adequate kitchen, and opposite it an alcove, which we used as a dining room. Between kitchen and bedroom, there was the bathroom and a washing machine at the side of its entrance. Incidentally, Mummy and I did our own painting and even wallpapering before we moved in.

For me it was pleasant to return to family and greenery after a day in the grey city. Most important, both our children were born while we lived in Kent Manor, and that was our greatest joy. Their daily trips to the adjacent park with playground and sandbox introduced us, especially Mummy, to people whom we would not ordinarily have met, such as Walter and Ilse Leipzig, and cemented our friendship with Harold and Irmay Oppenheimer, of whom Mummy had known Harold from Hannover. Our neighbors in Kent Manor were Onkel Berthold and Tante Suse Goldschmidt, who came to be one of your steady babysitters. I knew them both from Dortmund: Onkel Berthold was the son of the teacher Emanuel Goldschmidt, a prominent member of the Jewish community, who was to be with my parents in Theresienstadt; and Tante Suse was one of the four Schanzer sisters who were school teachers in Dortmund. One of these, Alice Schanzer, was a very close friend and colleague of my Aunt Friedchen at the Jewish elementary school, which Ernest and I attended before we went to the Gymnasium.

Through these people we made a lot of other acquaintances, and also through my meeting some interesting colleagues at Columbia.

The most lasting new friendship we made in New York was with Ted and Dora Schocken, who lived in Scarsdale. That connection came mainly through Mummy's meeting Dora at the University of Chicago through the friendship of Aunt Lilo with Dora's sister Herta in Chicago. That was reinforced when Granny took care of the two elder Schocken girls, Miriam and Naomi, while Dora was in hospital giving birth to Eva. From the first time the Schockens invited us for dinner in Scarsdale not long after we had settled in Kew Gardens we hit it off very well, and our friendship lasted until after Ted and then Dora died. Miriam died of cancer in California on February 6, 2008. Naomi lives with her husband David Landau in Jerusalem, but we have lost touch with her. But the connection with the Schockens is still carried on with Eva, who now lives in Springfield, Massachusetts, and regularly sends us a Christmas Stollen, a traditional German kind of cake that Dora always used to send us. Our friendship was close enough to have Ted and Dora agree to become the guardians of our children in case of need.

Shortly before Mark's birth, I passed my Ph.D. exams at Columbia. My teaching at Columbia was interesting but, with rare exceptions, almost exclusively on the undergraduate level. I had many interesting students, even in the Humanities course, of which I had to teach a section regularly every semester. I must have been fairly successful at that, because in my last few years at Columbia I was invited to teach it on the most advanced level, the Colloquium. The Colloquium was a kind of undergraduate seminar for which students could not register on their own but had to be invited by the faculty teaching it, and only a restricted number (I think it was 12) were admitted. Thus

it had only the most intelligent and dedicated undergraduates and the very fact of admission conferred prestige. What I did not like about it was that we had only one afternoon a week to discuss works that would have been discussed for a whole week in the Humanities course. One of the best students in it, who had also taken my introductory course in Greek history, was Erich Gruen, who has done distinguished work as a Roman Historian at Berkeley, and is now retired. Another outstanding student, Roald Hoffman, later won the Nobel Prize in Chemistry and, as far as I know, is still active at Cornell University. Other Colloquium students of mine have become fairly well-known writers, for example Jay Neugeboren and Jerome Cheryn. Mummy recently read Jay Neugeboren's book about his brother *Robert* with great interest.

I was quite happy at Columbia, although I always had a rather heavy teaching load, which left little time for publication and research, and although my salary was low and never rose, unless the basic salary for my rank was raised. I started in 1951 as a "Lecturer," and was promoted to an assistant professorship only when, in 1954, the University of Wisconsin offered me a position at that rank, which I declined. Accordingly, it was difficult to make ends meet without my regularly teaching six weeks of Summer School to increase my earnings, which, however, also made it even more difficult to get any research of my own done. Since neither Mummy nor I wanted our children to be brought up by babysitters and Mummy wanted to take care of her own babies, there was little income from her, except that she got paid for babysitting one summer for her friend Ann Echt. With the money she earned there she bought herself the Bozac speaker which is still her pride and joy. The only other

source of income, small though it was, was the fairly regular advice I gave to the Liberal Arts Press, owned by Oskar Piest, which successfully published good and inexpensive translations of the “Great Books” that were the standard fare of courses in the Humanities and general education all over the country. Whenever someone offered him a new translation of a Greek or Roman author, Mr. Piest would submit the translation to me for critical perusal and judgment for which I got paid. Further, he asked me to revise Jowett’s translation of Plato’s *Protagoras* and Skemp’s translation of Plato’s *Statesman* for new annotated editions, and I still receive some modest royalties from that.

I also told Mr. Piest that a new annotated translation of Aristotle’s *Nicomachean Ethics* would be most desirable to have, because the translation we used at Columbia was incomprehensible to my undergraduates. Thereupon he urged me to produce such a translation. Initially, I had a negative attitude to undertaking that job, since I knew it would be laborious and take precious time away from my desire to do real scholarship. In the end, however, Piest prevailed with the argument that I would get at least \$ 300 in royalties for many years without any additional work, if I would come up with a decent new translation. I reluctantly acceded to his request, but made the condition that he would put no deadlines or pressures on me, but would let me do the job at my own sweet pace. He agreed and kept his part of the bargain, though it took me about seven or eight years to finish the job in 1962. To my great surprise the result was that, ever since 1962, I have been getting an annual royalty check of never less than \$ 3000, even from the firms that have taken over its publication after Piest sold the Liberal Arts Press.

Back to our own little family. The arrival of Mark on June 23rd, 1952, shed a flood of sunshine on our lives. He was welcomed at his birth first by Aunt Anna, who, as a doctor, was allowed to hold Mummy's hand during the birth. His names were chosen to commemorate his paternal grandfather, Max, and his maternal grandfather, Oscar Franz. Granny came from Chicago to take care of Mummy and the baby for a couple of weeks or so. My life went on more or less as usual, as a father's life usually does, except for sometimes being roused into action in the middle of the night, but Mummy's life changed more radically and was focused henceforth on Mark's development into a strong and healthy human being. I had to continue teaching summer school as soon as Granny arrived on the scene, and I could not always be present, when Dr. Glauber came to our apartment to administer the necessary shots and to see that physically everything was in order. Mark was a very easy baby, slept well at night and without much crying, had no trouble to keep himself busy, and was utterly beautiful to look at. In due course, Mummy took him to the playground and its sandbox, where both he and Mummy made many new friends.

We celebrated Mark's first birthday in Cherry Valley at the house of Georg and Else Rosenthal. I have mentioned Georg earlier as a son of Opa Max's aunt Rosalie, i.e., his cousin. He was a doctor in Oldenburg in Germany, and a very cultured man with many artistic friends. In November 1937, we had taken him and his wife, Else, to the railroad station in Dortmund. From there the train took them to Hamburg, and on by boat to the U.S. After a difficult couple of years in this country, during which he prepared himself for and passed the qualifying exams

for practicing medicine in New York state, he was smart enough to settle—not in a large city, where he would have had to face competition from other refugee doctors in building up a practice—but in the very attractive village of Cherry Valley in upstate New York that did not have any doctor. He soon succeeded in establishing himself there and in repaying his debts. By the time we re-established contact with him about 1951, he and Tante Else lived in a lovely spacious house, beautifully decorated and full of art and music. We spent many vacations there until he died unexpectedly in the late 1950s.

In 1953, shortly after we celebrated Mark's first birthday in Cherry Valley, Granny offered to babysit for him in Chicago, while Mummy and I took an extended trip in our car (still the same old 1946 Ford) to the American west. A fascinating itinerary had been planned with the help of friends of the Schockens and the AAA, Mummy and Mark left by plane for Chicago, and I followed by car as soon as I had finished teaching summer school.

Reassured by the excellent and loving care lavished on Mark in Chicago, Mummy and I embarked on one of the most eye-opening trips ever for some three weeks. Having been brought up in crowded Europe, neither of us had had any idea of the vast spaces as well as the beauty of the American west. We saw and experienced so much that I remember only some details. We had made no reservations anywhere, because we thought—rightly, as it turned out—that we would always find bed and shelter with the car and stock up on provender anywhere, which we could even cook on the Coleman stove that we bought and brought along from New York. The first night we stopped in a

little place in Iowa. We stopped at a gas station and asked whether they knew of a room we could rent for the night. The man asked whether we would be willing to pay \$1 per night and put us up in his own house.

After Iowa came South Dakota with its spectacular Badlands and Mount Rushmore and the presidential faces carved in it. Next came Montana, where we stayed for a few days in Red Lodge (near Billings) with Mummy's friend and colleague from Chicago days, Sammy Ball, who had meanwhile married Harry Olcott and moved with him to his native Montana. Then came what was for me the highpoint of the trip: Yellowstone Park, which straddles Montana and Wyoming. Accommodation was easily obtained in one of the lovely wooden tourist cabins, run by the National Park Service. To visit Yellowstone Park means to see something like the world before Creation. All around you the earth bubbles with hot underground springs, one of which is the famous "Old Faithful" which regularly shoots forth about every hour for several minutes and then subsides again. There is wildlife all over: moose, elks, deer, and bears. The Park Service provides guidelines where it is safe to stop and get out of the car; where it is not there is danger of a bear attacking you. In fact, we were woken up one morning by a strong rattling in front of our cabin, which turned out to be a bear investigating our trash can. We had to wait a while before being sure that we could make it safely to our car. On leaving Yellowstone we got a glimpse of the impressive Teton Range of mountains. Thence on for a short trip through southern Idaho and on to Utah, which was the westernmost point of our trip.

We spent some time in Salt Lake City, where we took a conducted tour of Temple Square, the compound which is the center of the Mormons, i.e., the Church of Latter-Day Saints. The leaders of these tours are convinced Mormons, who do their conducting unpaid in the service of their church. Thus the tour also served us as an introduction to the unfamiliar creed of this strange culture. The founder was Joseph Smith, who in the 1820s had a vision of an angel called Maronai, bidding him and his followers to leave his native Elmira, New York, for the “Promised Land” in the West. That made them finally land up in Utah, where they struck root and established their church. The Mormons believe that divine revelation still continues, and that the 12 Apostles who govern the Church are designated by God.

From Utah we turned back east toward Chicago to pick up Mark, and then back to New York. Of our first major stops in Colorado, I remember the magnificent dinosaur museum in Denver, and a stopover in Colorado Springs, where our landlady gave us complimentary tickets for the local greyhound race. It is the only time we witnessed a dog-race, and a remembrance of it constituted the only bumper sticker on our car that we brought back to New York. A lasting memory, too, are the spectacular mountains of Colorado and the highways on which one rides through them. Nothing similar can be said about Kansas, a very “plain” Plains state, memorable only for its gorgeous sunflowers. I remember nothing noteworthy about Missouri, either, except that we spent a night visiting Walter Haas and his new wife in St. Josephs. We had originally met him on one of our visits to Georg Rosenthal in Cherry Valley, where he was also a guest with his first wife, Terry. After their

divorce Terry Haas became a very well-known printmaker and sculptress. We visited her a couple of times in Paris, and she once came to visit us in Swarthmore. She made the color-print of the Picassoesque “String Quartet” that hangs above the fireplace in our living room, and she also created the two small plexiglass pieces that we have in our dining room and living room, respectively. She still lives opposite *Sacré Coeur* in Paris and we are still in occasional touch with her. On arriving in Chicago, we were happy to learn from Granny that Mark had not given any signs of missing us, and we were overjoyed to take him back again to Kew Gardens.

The most lasting impression this magnificent trip made on me was that of the unimaginable vastness of America and the rich variety of its landscapes.

There are two trips that are associated in my mind with the summer of 1954, but I’m not sure that the first took place that summer. I do recall that Mark was still very small and that David had not yet been born when the Scotts whom we had met in Middletown invited us to spend a week or so in a lovely little house in Keene, New Hampshire. They had rented it for the summer, and since they had themselves a number of children (I think it was five), they thought we could learn from them how to relax with our baby. We went there by car and all of us had a good and restful time.

It will have been a little later that summer that we were lucky enough to have Granny volunteer to take care of Mark in our apartment in Kew Gardens for some three weeks, which enabled Mummy and me to go on a car trip to Eastern Canada, which

had been strongly recommended to us. We started out in Quebec City, a lovely old town on the Saint-Lawrence River, very picturesque with old crooked lanes, From there we took a road along the shore of the river along the Gaspé peninsula. Our first stop was the famous church of Ste Anne de Beaupré. It is famed not only as one of the most important Catholic pilgrimage churches in North America, but is distinguished in particular by the many ex-voto offerings by people who believe that Ste. Anne has cured them of their ailments.

From there a country road took us through many very picturesque fishing villages, where French was the only language spoken. At the extreme end of the peninsula, Cap des Rosiers, we saw a sign advertising "Packwood Canbines," and we decided to stay there for the night. As soon as he saw us stop, the proprietor came running out. I asked him: "Would you have a cabin for the night?," and his response was: "Je ne parle pas l'anglais." I replied: "Avec un nom anglais comme le votre!" He then explained that that part of the coast was settled by in the 19th century by English and Scottish shipwrecked sailors, who made their way to the mainland, married the daughters of the French settlers, and became integrated with them, losing in the course of time the ability to speak English. Indeed, after renting a cabin, Mummy and I took a walk through the village, and in passing the local cemetery saw that practically all tombstones were inscribed in French but bore English and Scottish names, e.g., "Ci-gît Jean-Batiste Macdonald," "Ci-gît Marie-Antoinette Cavanaugh," etc. We had learned something new and interesting.

From there we proceeded to Percé, where the French explorer Jacques Cartier is said to have landed in July 1534. It has some very impressive rocks in the approach to its harbor, one of which is perforated (hence the name of the place). Contrary to Quebec, Nova Scotia, to which we drove next, is completely Scottish to the extent that it has a Gaelic language school. Its architecture, too, is quite different from Quebec's. . Its capital, Halifax, is a very attractive town, but in sheer beauty it is exceeded by Peggy's Cove, a lighthouse by the ocean, which is quite famous and memorable. We also briefly visited Cape Breton Island, famous for its bobcats. We returned home by a very interesting ferry that crosses the Bay of Fundy from Nova Scotia to Yarmouth, Maine, and from there we drove straight home.

The big event of the summer of 1955 was the birth of our beloved David. His birth took a little longer time than Mark's had. When I had to take Mummy to Beth David hospital in Manhattan in the middle of the night, we asked Vera Sander, as prearranged, to come to our apartment to take care of Mark. At the hospital we were told that it would take quite a while yet before the baby would be born, and I was encouraged to wait at home to be called the instant something happened. So I did, sent Vera home for the time being, and not knowing what to do with myself in all the excitement, started to scrub the floor. Hardly had I finished when the telephone rang and the hospital informed me that we had just become parents of another little son. Vera was at once summoned back, and I hastened over to the hospital. Mummy had just come back from the delivery room with the new addition to our family, and our happiness was complete.

I immediately called the family in Chicago and New York. We had already decided to call our child "David," if male, and we added to that "Hugh" to commemorate my mother's name, "Hedwig." This time Granny was unable to come and help, and so we hired a very nice and experienced nurse named Mrs. Clark to take care of Mummy, Mark, who was now a big brother, and baby David. Life had now changed for us all.

I have no very clear memory about our activity for the next two summers, 1956 and 1957. I believe these were the summers that we spent on farms listed in a brochure of working farms that took in holiday guests. The first we went to was in Vermont and turned out to be pretty dismal. Although it was beautifully laid out, we had not been told that there was a railroad line going right by it, and that the food was not as good as the advertisement had led us to believe. Still, being together and with all the usual goings-on on a farm we did get some kind of vacation.

The second venture was considerably more successful. We went to a farm in northern Pennsylvania, at Wyalusing, not far from Wilkes-Barre, which was run by Mable and Elwood Brotzman. They were lovely people, who took a real interest in their guests and their welfare. The children especially enjoyed pony-rides, and I have the clearest memory of a stock-car race (the one and only we ever attended) to which Elwood took Mummy and me.

The situation at Columbia came to be less and less to my liking. The departure of von Fritz for Germany in 1954, soon

followed by the retirement of Kapp, who also left for Germany to join his sisters in Munich, left me without my strongest supporters in the department. In one sense, that did not matter, since I could stand on my own legs as far as my teaching was concerned. Still, as the College was the base of my operations, I had difficulty in getting doctoral students of my own in the graduate school. The Department was now in the hands of Highet and Hadas, who were not in sympathy with the kind of meticulous scholarship to which I was devoted, and who appointed as successors to Kapp and von Fritz people who were not of the same caliber.

I felt, therefore, very happy, when I received early in 1958 an invitation from Helen North to take a position in Swarthmore, which would, for the first year, be a leave replacement for her, and thereafter a permanent replacement for Professor Lucius Shero, who was due to retire. I had met Helen North at Columbia a couple of years earlier, where she had held a Visiting Professorship. The prospect of having her as a colleague was more attractive than battling it out with Highet and Hadas. I was not sure whether my scholarly development would be enhanced by leaving a university with a graduate school for a small suburban college, and both Mummy and I liked living in New York and being with the many friends we had made. But the counterarguments proved to be more decisive. Swarthmore put a heavy emphasis on both teaching and productive scholarship. The teaching load, though heavy, was less heavy than it was at Columbia; and each faculty member was guaranteed a semester's paid research leave every fourth year, which could be extended to a whole year, if you could secure funding from another source. Moreover, the

Honours Program pioneered at Swarthmore gave you advanced teaching which, though not quite on the graduate level, guaranteed serious and dedicated students. In addition, we both thought that a quasi-rustic suburbia would be better than a city for bringing up children. Not least important was the fact that my initial salary would be \$2000 higher than it was at Columbia (a jump from \$5500 to \$7500), and that there would be annual salary increments, while at Columbia I received raises only when the bottom salary of whatever rank I held was being raised.

However, there were people at Columbia who did not want to see me go. The Dean of Columbia College, Larry Chamberlain, prevailed upon the administration to make me a counteroffer of immediate tenure, promotion to the rank of associate professor and a raise of \$800. I felt self-confident enough that I would eventually get promotion and tenure at Swarthmore, and, convinced that Columbia's offer had been only a bargaining device, we decided to move to Swarthmore.

Still, I did accept another gesture from Columbia, and that was the award of a travel grant for the summer of 1958, which was substantial enough to enable all four of us to go to England and Europe for the summer. We were very excited about that. We hadn't seen Ernest since our wedding; we had never met Hanne and Niciola and Maxine; Lore had never met Itti and Trulla, and I hadn't seen them since before my internment in 1940. From the vantage point of today's prices, travel was very cheap: the one-way fare for one adult on the *Queen Mary* was, if I remember correctly, \$125. We had a wonderful crossing to Southampton, and

proceeded from there by train to London. The whole family was at the station to meet us; it was a very joyous reunion.

Ernest took us in his old rickety car, the “Nuckelpinne,” to his house in Harpenden, Hertfordshire, where Mummy and I stayed for about a week, before, as pre-arranged, we would take off for Italy and Greece, while Ernest and Hanne would take care of our children. I do not remember how long we stayed altogether, but it must have been well over a month. Ernest and Hanne were very generous in giving us all that time for travel, and, to alleviate the burden for them, had asked Helga, a relative of Hanne’s, who came from Oberkirchen, the native village of Hanne’s mother, to come for the summer to help with housekeeping. The arrangement worked out beautifully—except that while we were gone all four children in succession came down with the measles. That was more than either we or Ernest and Hanne had bargained for, but they took it in good spirits.

Mummy and I flew from London to Milan and Pisa, where we rented a car and proceeded first to Florence. I remember very well the gorgeous Pensione Bandini in the Piazza Santo Spirito, where we were housed inexpensively in the splendor of a renaissance building with stuccoed ceilings and a loggia on which breakfast was served. It was a glorious introduction to Italy and we reveled in Florence. We took sidetrips by car to San Gimignano with its towers and to Assisi. From there we traveled south to Rome, and on to the Naples area where we had a memorable trip on the funicular up Mount Vesuvius. We also visited Pompeii and Paestum, I think it was from Naples that we took a plane to Athens.

In Athens we stayed in a nice boarding house that had been recommended to us. As it happened, my friend Michael Jameson, who knew Greece well, was in Athens at that time, and he helped us by showing us around and taking us on small trips to Marathon, Sounion, etc. However, the most exciting thing we did was to join a one-week tourist cruise to the Aegean islands, which took us as far east as Rhodes. Although both Mummy and I dislike pre-packaged tourist trips, we decided that it might be good to get a general—if hurried—overview of what there was to see, with a view to revisiting later the sites we liked. It was an excellent idea, for in addition to much-visited sites, such as Delos, Mykonos, and Crete, we also visited islands that are not easily accessible by public transportation, e.g., Cos, Patmos, and Rhodes. We were lucky also with our guide: since the English-speaking groups were very large, we joined a small German-speaking group, which was led by the wife of a distinguished Greek archaeologist, Papadimitriou. She was an archaeologist herself and an excellent guide.

From Athens we flew back to London to spend some time with the family, and then took the *Mauretania* back from Southampton to New York. Not long after our arrival we had to start packing for the move to Swarthmore.

4. Swarthmore

Little did we guess, when we moved to Swarthmore in 1958 that this would probably be our last move in the United States. Of course, nothing is certain in life, but as of this writing, June 30th, 2009, we have spent more than half our lives—51 years—in this lovely village. We have gone through many good times here and many that have not been so good; both of our beloved children have grown up here and gone to school here; but, by and large, we have never had any regrets that we moved here.

That was by no means self-evident when we first moved here from New York. We missed our friends, we missed the New York atmosphere, and I professionally missed to some extent the “big world” from which I had moved into the “small world.” But these wistful thoughts did not dominate for long. The reception we got in Swarthmore was most cordial, and it was evident from the beginning that the College authorities thought they had made a “big catch” by getting us. Lucius Shero, the chairman of the Classics Department, threw a big reception for us to which all the senior members of the faculty were invited. Mummy approached a youngish-looking gentleman and asked: “And in what department do you teach?” To her surprise the answer was: “Alas, I don’t teach any more. I am the President.” That was our introduction to Courtney Smith.

We were lucky that the College offered us a little house for rent that was located at the edge of the lovely college woods at 7 Crum Ledge Lane. It was part of a group of eight little houses, built by the College soon after the war, and rented mostly to young couples with children. The houses, four on each side, faced one another, and there was a spacious lawn in the middle. It was just the right thing for us. Not only was it the first time ever that we

had a little house all to ourselves, but we also lived in the midst of greenery, on top of a creek, with lots of playmates for the children, and in a cul-de-sac where there was no traffic. Also, it was close to the College, so that I could walk to work, and the neighbors were very congenial. It was there that we met the Peabodys, the Grovers, and the Gilberts, with whom we are still friends. One of our first visitors announced herself with a booming voice one day: “Hier kann man ja mal endlich Deutsch sprechen!” (“Here, at last, you can talk German!”)—and so began our long friendship with Hilde Cohn. She was not the only Jewish refugee at Swarthmore; there was also Franz Mauntner and his wife Hedi, whose house on Walnut Lane we eventually bought in 1985, and also Hans Wallach, who lived on Crum Ledge Lane when we first moved in. These people did something to make up for the society we had associated with in New York. Another German-Jewish family we got very friendly with were Henry and Gabi Hoenigswald and their daughters Frances and Ann. Though Henry’s affiliation was with Penn, where he taught linguistics, they lived in Swarthmore, first in Kenyon Avenue and later in Westdale Avenue. As long as they were alive, we spent every New Year’s Eve with them and also went out for a Chinese dinner with them about once each week.

As a college community, Swarthmore offered many advantages. Faculty members were friendly and there were very few cliques. There were families who would invite one another for dinner or go out together, but there are fewer social pressures than there were, for example, at Wesleyan. The main manifestation of the Quaker spirit at the College was—and still is—that generally people take their activities seriously. That does not mean that they are straight-laced and humorless, but that they are not aimless and unthinking. For example, students tend to take their subjects

seriously and do not just want to accumulate credits for a B.A. prior to entering their father's business. In Classics, my students generally had a genuine dedication to all things Greek and Latin, and the expectation was that that after graduation they would attend graduate school and become academics. At Columbia, to the contrary, the expectation was that, after sowing their wild oats with Greek and Roman culture, they would enter a career in medicine or law, which would give them a better income sooner.

The same spirit also informed life outside the classroom. The Cooper Foundation of the College sponsored—and still does—general lectures by distinguished outsiders, good movies, musical recitals by prominent musicians, etc. on weekends and also during the week; the Music Department sponsored an amateur student/faculty orchestra—hardly a day went by without something interesting being offered in the evenings. There were many theatrical performances put on by amateur students as well as faculty. These were extra-curricular activities for the students in much the same way sports activities were. “Performing Arts” did not yet exist as a subject for which academic credit was given. Perhaps the most “frivolous” evening activity was Professor Peter van de Kamp’s weekly “Charlie Chaplin Seminar.” in which he drew on his almost complete private collection of Chaplin movies. When he showed an old “silent” movie, he would provide the accompaniment on a piano.

The size of the College encouraged—and still does—fairly close personal relations with the students. The facts that any Honors Seminar was limited to seven students, and that Seminars met only once a week for an entire afternoon or evening made for close relations between students and professors. These were

cemented by an annual dinner for the Seminar students in the professor's home, at which the students would usually bring a fairly substantial gift to the professor's wife. Many professors held their Seminars in their own homes, a practice which I never adopted, because we did not want to put a damper on the children's activities, which would have disturbed the Seminar atmosphere.

I never disliked teaching at Swarthmore, but I was never averse to listening to job offers made by other institutions. The reason for that was mainly that the range and intensity of teaching at a small undergraduate college can be rather confining. For example, in my teaching of Greek History I could never move far from an introductory course which I had to teach every year. Although it is possible to prevent boredom by thinking of different approaches to the subject every year, after about six or seven variations on the theme you become repetitious. So I became responsive to invitations from graduate departments to offer more advanced and more variegated courses and seminars to give my mind a wider range. The first offer of this kind came from Princeton University, which invited me to give a weekly graduate seminar in the Spring of 1964. This was most enjoyable and stimulating, but it lasted for only one semester.

More promising was an invitation from the University of Pennsylvania that came in 1968. My friend Michael Jameson was appointed as Dean of the Graduate School at a point when he was supposed to become chairman of the Classical Studies Department. This position thus became vacant and he proposed me as a candidate for it. The possibility of teaching at a distinguished university with a graduate department and not far from Swarthmore was very attractive. But I was reluctant to take

administrative duties upon myself which might prevent me from having enough time for advanced teaching, research, and supervising doctoral dissertations. I mentioned my fears to the Dean who interviewed me, and declined the job of chairman of the department. I thought that would be the end of it, but to my surprise the Dean suggested to the Department that they should look for someone else as Chairman, but that they should invite me to give regular instruction in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences on some kind of part-time basis.

That proved to be more complicated than I had thought. Obviously I did not want to teach graduates at Penn **in addition to** my undergraduates at Swarthmore; moreover, I did not want to give up the frequent leaves I had at Swarthmore, if Penn wanted me to teach in the years that Swarthmore would give me a leave. Also, I did not want to risk of losing a tenured position.

The problem was solved by the Provost of Penn, who suggested that I stay at Swarthmore as nominally a fully tenured faculty member, but that Swarthmore would release me for one third of my time to give instruction in the Graduate School of Penn on a permanent basis, and that Penn would reimburse Swarthmore for one third of my salary, leave money, and other privileges that I had at Swarthmore. That was a very good deal indeed. I accepted, and from 1968 until my retirement in 1992, I was a Professor at both institutions.

There was another benefit connected with my appointment to Penn. Mike Jasmeson in his capacity as Graduate Dean had just initiated a new and, at that time, original Graduate Program in Ancient History. Its novelty consisted in making it possible for a

graduate student to chose any two ancient cultures—Greek, Roman, Aegyptian, Hittite, Indian, Assyrian, etc.—for his fields of concentration, and write a dissertation that would straddle these two cultures. “Culture” involves language, literature, religion, law, art, etc., and written and oral examinations in each culture would be required, and a dissertation project would have to be submitted at the time of examination. This kind of interdisciplinary program is now fairly common at many universities, but I believe that Jameson was the first to formulate and implement it. For me it had the effect of drawing my interests more toward the historical side, and that was instrumental in my being invited in 1976 to join the Editorial Board of the *Cambridge Ancient History* to plan and publish a new edition of this prestigious work. I remained—as the only American—a member of that Board for volumes IV, V, and VI until 1994, and wrote chapters for each of these volumes. It was one of the most stimulating positions I ever held, and I met a number of very distinguished colleagues through it.

A very important aspect, professional and personal, of my life was Swarthmore’s generous leave policy, which gave us all a change of scenery every fourth year. For our boys it meant different schools and widening horizons, for Mummy and me it meant new friends and new experiences, and for me professionally it meant contact with a wider range of scholars and institutions. Although Swarthmore financed only one semester’s leave, I was always lucky enough to get funds for the second semester from institutions such as the Fulbright Foundation, the American Council of Learned Societies, the Guggenheim Foundation or the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

My first grant, for 1961-62, was from the Fulbright Foundation, and it enabled all four of us to spend a year in Greece at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. It was a wonderful year for all of us. On the way to Athens, we first spent a short time in England with the family, and then proceeded to Paris to pick up our new Peugeot station wagon. We stayed at that time at the very elegant apartment of Étienne Bloch, a friend we had met in our Chicago days, at 1 rue de Castiglione at the corner of rue de Rivoli. I am no longer entirely sure at this time—it is now July 2009—which sites in and near Paris we visited with our children in 1961 and which we visited on later occasions. We did visit Versailles, Chartres, Maintenon, Rambouillet, and I think it was in 1961. But I am sure that it was in this year that we took our trip along the Loire valley with its many magnificent castles in that year. To some extent, it was hard on Mark and David to be dragged on one conducted tour after another (and that often in French) of historic castles, but they took it like troopers. I remember that at some point we made a deal with them that three tours of castles were worth one trip to a zoo or country fair or similar “treat” for them.

From France we crossed over into Switzerland, I believe it was near Geneva. I also seem to recall that we stayed for a couple of days in Zurich with Phil Goldmann, a friend of Mummy’s from Hanover, and his wife Lynne, with whom we had reestablished contact in Kew Gardens, and who had meanwhile moved to Zurich, when Phil became head of a European branch of his company, Carrier Air-conditioning. An impression that remains clearly in my mind is that we visited Lucerne and its lake, that we took the funicular up Mount Pilatus, that we went through the

picturesque village of Andermatt, and that we crossed over into Italy on the St. Gotthard Pass.

I forget many details concerning where we stopped over in Italy. I think we went to Venice, but I distinctly remember our stay in Rome, where David got sick and ran a fever, and my colleague, Berthe Marti of Bryn Mawr, took him into her room at the *American Academy in Rome* (which did not let children stay there), in order to have him get proper care, which was difficult to obtain in the bed-and-breakfast place where we stayed. I also remember that we drove down to Naples, where we went up Mount Vesuvius on a funicular and visited the excavations at Pompeii. Further, we saw the magnificent Greek temples at Paestum, where you both tried to catch the ubiquitous salamanders.

From Naples we drove on to Brindisi, where we boarded the ferry that took us to Patras in Greece with a short stopover at Corfù. We proceeded from there to Athens without any stopovers. Since we had as yet no housing, the American School put us up temporarily at one of their apartments near the Gennadeion, which was waiting for its permanent occupant. But we soon found a lovely place nearby at 4 Monis Petraki. The boys and we were very fortunate in that they were admitted to the British Embassy School in Athens. Both liked the school and profited from it. They both enjoyed the Greek Boy Scouts and wore their uniform. As a family, we all profited from the friends they made there, including the Danish family, Dorrit and Mogens Pedersen, whose three daughters all attended the British Embassy School. Among our American friends were Frank and Mary Walton. He was the librarian of the Gennadeion Library at the School, and their son David was a classmate of Mark's. But our closest friends were

Tom and Lilo Rosenmeyer and their daughters Kathy and Patricia. To meet them in Athens was quite a surprise, for we had not known before our arrival that Tom had accepted an appointment as Visiting Professor at the American School for the year that we were Fulbright Fellows there. Needless to say, we saw a lot of them in the course of the year and took many trips together. Mummy made friends with a lovely Greek lady, Kati Zikou, who taught her (as well as a large number of members of the School) modern Greek. She was a divorced woman, always cheerful and full of charm, though a bout of poliomyelitis had left her with a bad limp. Although she understood English very well, she refused to speak it, and insisted that her students talk to her in Greek as best they could, in order to gain some kind of fluency fast.

We did not socially meet many Greek families. But we were invited to the stunningly beautiful house half-way up Mt. Lycabettus of the famous Greek town-planner Konstantinos Doxiadis, whose daughter was a student at Swarthmore. It was interesting to observe that in his presence his charming and well-educated wife would not say a word; but when he had to leave to return to his office she came to her own as a sparkling conversationalist.

Since we had a car, we were mobile and took advantage of that by making trips whenever possible. We often used an afternoon to explore the environs of Athens, visiting places such as the lovely churches at Kaisariani and Daphne, Sounion, Eleusis, Marathon, and the rest of the Attic countryside, which is not only beautiful but also full of history and legend. We walked a lot in Athens itself visiting the famous ancient sites on the Akropolis and the buildings at the foot of it, and the Plaka, the market center

since mediaeval times, where our boys made special friends with a shoemaker who let them play at his workbench. We often visited the Agora, the ancient center of civic activity, which had been excavated by my friend and teacher Homer Thompson, who often took us around and gave us the benefit of his expertise.

We also made frequent day-trips to places like Corinth, Perachora, Mycene, Tiryns, Epidauros, or Delphi, especially the last, which is for me one of the most spectacularly beautiful places on earth. We did more traveling and exploring together in that year than ever before or since, so that many details have vanished from my memory and I have to concentrate on some highpoints. In addition to the trips we took together as a family, I had the privilege of joining the trips the School organized for its members, especially for its students, which took us to many parts of the country that were not easily accessible by public transportation. Most of them were under the best expert guidance that one could have hoped for, Professor Eugene Vanderpool of the American School, an American who fell in love with Greece when he first visited it in the 1930s and decided to make it his home. He knew every corner of the country, largely by having hiked through it several times. He was completely steeped in Greek culture from antiquity to the present, was a born teacher with all the patience and tolerance that requires, and beloved by all who knew him. The trips in which I participated under his guidance enabled me to take not only you and Mummy, but also the many visitors we had in the course of the year to places which many tourists do not even know of.

Among these visitors were, first and foremost, Mummy's friend Barbara Leigh-Mackenzie, who had befriended her and

Granny in Birmingham. She was a very sweet and enterprising lady who visited us in Athens around Easter time. She came along with us on a wonderful trip to Crete, on which we hired a taxi and its driver, Georgios Levandakis, in Heraklion, who had been recommended to us as very knowledgeable about Crete, to take us around the island. We couldn't have done better: there is hardly any important place in either eastern or western Crete that we did not visit, from Knossos to Phaistos and from Gournia to Rhethymno. At Rhethymno, we visited a monastery that had been a center of the Greek resistance to the German occupation in World War II, and we were received by the Abbot in charge. The inscribed photo of him in his partisan uniform is still in our downstairs study, and he regaled us with many memories of the war.

For the Christmas vacations of 1961/62 Liese Alexander had invited us to stay with her and her son David in their house in Bet Yitzchak in Israel. We enthusiastically accepted the invitation, not only because it gave us the chance to visit Israel for the very first time, but also because I remembered Lise as a very warm-hearted and intelligent relative from Germany. She was the daughter of Opa Max's cousin Albert Back, whose mother was an Ostwald. They lived in Hörde, a suburb of Dortmund, and had a weekend bungalow on the Hengstey See nearby, where Ernest and I spent many weekends paddling on the lake. She had just taken a Ph.D. in Art History when Hitler came to power, and soon married Werner Alexander, who worked in he father's textile store, and emigrated with him to Israel fairly early in the 1930s. Their son David was born during the siege of Jerusalem in 1948, and was brought into the world by Mummy's aunt Anna. Liese and her

baby returned to Bet Yitzchak, but Werner, who had to stay behind in Jerusalem, was killed during the siege.

Liese was a wonderful woman. In order to give us a chance to see something of Israel, she had asked our Oma's old companion, Frieda Berner ("lecker, lecker Frieda"), who by this time lived in retirement from a job as a domestic in Haifa, and whose family happened to have also settled in Bet Yitzchak, to help her take care of our boys, while Mummy and I took a guided bus tour through the Galil and the Negev. Not only that, she also generously lent us her own Volkswagen to take some brief trips on our own. She took excellent and loving care of Mark and David, and they enjoyed particularly playing with the animals of the Wirschubsky farm across the road.

Incidentally, it was on the occasion of a trip we took in Liese's car to Jerusalem that we first met Ra'anana Meridor. I had heard many stories about her from Professor Moshe Schwabe, whom I had met at Columbia University in New York in 1949: about her active role in the Haganah (the Jewish resistance movement to the British occupation before 1948), her study of Classics under Schwabe during the war, and her marriage to one of the prominent Haganah leaders. Since Schwabe had died by 1962, I asked Professor Chaim Wirschubsky (cousin of the Bet Yitzchak Wirschubskys and successor of Schwabe's as head of the Classics Department of the Hebrew University) in a conversation whether it was possible to meet the legendary Ra'anana. He arranged a meeting, and Ra'anana Meridor has been a good friend of ours ever since.

A few months after our trip to Israel we made another memorable trip in Greece with Geoffrey (=G.E.M.) de Ste Croix. I

had met him in Oxford on our trip to England in 1958. He had met during the war an American colleague of mine at Columbia, who had asked me to transmit his greetings to Geoffrey. We got along very well, and he was a most interesting and influential Ancient Historian in Oxford. He was the son of very Christian missionaries in China and knew his Bible inside out, but rebelled against his Christian upbringing, and became an almost doctrinaire Marxist. Originally he had been trained as a lawyer, but had given that up as too boring and, on the basis of the classical training to which he had been exposed at the renowned Clifton School, had taken up the study of Greek and Roman History in evening courses at the University of London. He was a brilliant man, and through the efforts of his mentor, A.H.M. Jones, soon got an appointment as tutor at New College, Oxford. Now, in 1962, I heard that he was to come as a visitor to the British School at Athens, which is adjacent to the American School.

When he arrived, I went to call on him, and found him sitting in the sun on a deckchair on top of a balcony at the British School reading a book. He was very unhappy: he had not wanted to come to Greece at all, because he was more interested in the writings of and about the social history of ancient Greece than in the country itself, but his colleagues in Oxford had insisted that he needed to know the country in order to teach its history more effectively; moreover, he had recently remarried after a nasty divorce and had to leave his pregnant new wife behind in England alone. Since we were at that point about to leave Greece with a big tour around southern Greece and then north toward England and back to America via Yugoslavia, Austria, and Germany, we thought we could give him a painless trip through at least some of Greece, and invited him to come with us through the Peloponnese

and then return to Athens, while we continued our exit through northern Greece. Geoffrey accepted, and we spent a lovely trip together with him sitting in the backseat of our Peugeot keeping our boys cheerful, entertained, and out of mischief. I still remember the knotted handkerchief with which he protected his bald pate against the Greek sun, and the half dozen or so lemonades with which he fortified himself at every stop we made.

After we Geoffrey left us to return to Athens, we proceeded north to Ioanina and Thessalonike through what was then Yugoslavia, Austria, and Germany to England to go home to America from Southampton on the *Mauretania*. There are comparatively few details that I remember about the trip. In Ioanina we saw what is reputed to be the synagogue of the oldest continuous Jewish congregation in Europe and innumerable storks' nests. In Yugoslavia I recall long and dull highways, on one of which I got a ticket for speeding (luckily it cost only ca. \$5.00). We spent a night in the stunningly beautiful resort town of Bled in northern Yugoslavia, where the then dictator Tito is said to have had a retreat. There were many very picturesque spots in Austria: the Grossglockner mountain, Salzburg, Heiligenblut, etc. Most impressive for the children was the Episcopal palace of Hellbrunn near Salzburg, where there were lots of clever water installations. One of them was a stone conference table surrounded by seats, in which one of the reigning archbishops had had water spouts installed, by means of which he would bring boring and soporific meetings back to attention, when nodding clerics would suddenly feel a jet of water attacking their behinds.

In Germany, we spent a night outside Heidelberg, where Opa Max had gone to university, and subsequently had a gorgeous

drive north up the Rhine river and its many castles and cathedrals. Our last stop along the Rhine was Bonn, where we spent a night with Chris and Pamela Lohmann, who had met me as undergraduates at Swarthmore, where Pam had been a student of mine. They had come to visit us in Athens earlier in the year and had on that occasion invited us to stay with them on our way back home.

There is a gap in my memory as to what happened after we left Bonn. Mummy vaguely recollects that we visited the Grovers in their summer house in Coutainville in France, and drove around Normandy. That might indicate that on this trip we did not go back via England, but took a boat (I think it was the *France*) from Cherbourg back to New York. On the way back Mummy wistfully contrasted our trips to Marathon with the industrial sights along the New Jersey Turnpike in the “Garden State.”

Back in Swarthmore, the earliest remarkable event was that Helen North and I plotted what could be done to improve our department. We ended up by getting permission from the College President, Courtney Smith, to invite some “celebrity” as Visiting Professor to the College to see how responsive the students would be. That is when we invited Russell Meiggs, a very distinguished Ancient Historian at Balliol College in Oxford with a reputation as a charismatic teacher, to come to Swarthmore for the Fall Semester of 1963. This turned out to be a real “scoop.” I remember when Helen and I picked him up at 30th-Street Station in Philadelphia, where he arrived fresh from the boat in New York, his first question was where he could buy studs for his shirt-collars. In matters of dress he was quite conservative.

Not so on his appearance. Some people compared his looks to those of a Mediterranean pirate: his hair came down

to his shoulders, his eyebrows were the bushiest I've ever seen, and his features were sharply etched. He was a first-rate and wide-ranging ancient historian, who was at that time working on his great book on *The Athenian Empire*; this was soon followed by THE study of ancient Rome's harbor at Ostia; and in 1982 he brought out a fundamental study of *Trees and Timber in the Ancient Mediterranean World*, a subject in which he got interested when he worked for the British Ministry of Supplies in World War II. His combination of equal competence in Greek and in Roman History, his intellectual inquisitiveness, and his facility in making new friends made him a very unique human being.

That he was a great hit with our students and made many friends among the faculty goes without saying. We were personally very lucky that he lived in the house next-door to ours on Crum Ledge Lane and that he had a lot of fun with our boys. You will remember the occasion when he invited you to tea, and when David asked him to let him go upstairs. Since it was very messy upstairs, Russell refused, saying that he kept his hippopotamus up there. David responded: "That is a lie," a fact that was duly reported by Mark to us at home. Mummy was very upset, and rushed next door to apologize. Russell brushed the apology aside by saying "My daughters at home call me worse things than that." But he also invited the boys to come about a week later, for which he prepared the following scenario: he had asked a student to come and splash around in the upstairs bathroom as soon as Mark and David appeared; he then said: "Here goes the hippopotamus again. I have to take him another banana: he is eating me out of house and home." At

that point David believed in the reality of the hippopotamus, But when night came, he couldn't fall asleep and came to Mummy's bed, anxiously asking: "What if the hippopotamus breaks out and comes to our house?" Mummy reported this to Russell the next day and asked him to get rid of the hippopotamus. Russell complied by going to the telephone to dial the first number that came to his mind, which happened to be Helen North's. "Is that the Philadelphia Zoo?" she heard a familiar voice ask. "Would you please come and pick up my hippopotamus tomorrow morning? I can't afford to feed him any more." Helen played along and pretended to be the director of the zoo, and promised that the beast would be picked the next day (when the boys would be at school). And so the problem was resolved. It is one of the examples of the lengths to which Russell's imagination would go to make a practical joke.

Another of his eccentricities was to roll in the snow in borrowed swimming trunks on the lawn in Crum Ledge Lane to the amusement of young and old alike. We became very good friends with him and his wife, Pauline Gregg, to the rest of his life. He returned to Swarthmore twice in future years, and on the last occasion received an honorary doctorate from the College. Unfortunately, we did not see very much of him then, because each time it was to replace me, while we were on leave in England. On one of these occasions, we even rented his beautiful old house, the "Malt House" in Garsington outside Oxford while he taught my classes at Swarthmore. He died in Garsington in 1989.

Our relationship to both Russell and Geoffrey de Ste. Croix had given us a personal connection with Oxford, a

place that is for a Classicist one of the most attractive places to work. It has an old and venerable tradition in the teaching and scholarship of the Classics, and, because of its conglomeration of colleges (and Cambridge) has more Classicists concentrated within a small geographical compass than any other place in the world. These considerations made us decide to spend my next leave, 1965-66, in Oxford.

But the highpoint of the year came about a month before we left. Mark's Bar Mitzvah took place in the Ohev Shalom Synagogue, to which we belonged at the time, on June 3th, 1965. It was one of the great occasions of our lives. His sidrah was "R'ei" and the image of the beauty of the occasion will not leave me as long as I live. I still have a list of the "aliyot" to the Torah: Jack Freeman, Ted Schocken, Solomon Asch, Walter Leipzig, David Wiesen, Tom Freeman, Marin Ostwald, Mark Ostwald (maftir), and Harold Oppenheimer and Claudio Spies (dressing the Torah scroll). It is a good representative list of who were our closest family friends at the time. By the time of this writing (August 2009), alas, Tom Freeman. Claudio Spies, Mark, and I are the only survivors. Rabbi Kaplan gave a good talk on Moses Hess, a German Jew whose *Rome and Jerusalem* prefigured the work of Theodor Herzl. All of Mummy's Chicago family were present, many of our friends from New York and Swarthmore, the synagogue was full, and we had a lovely catered party afterwards in the backyard of our house on 2 Whittier Place.

The prospect of spending the next twelve months in the fairly cold and rainy climate of England made us decide to

spend a nice and sunny summer in France before settling in Oxford. Through the agency of the local *Syndicat d'Initiative* (= Chamber of Commerce) of the Provence, we found a charming little house in the village of St. Pargoire, which we rented for the month of July.

We crossed the Atlantic from New York to Calais on the Dutch boat *Statendam* with our Peugeot on board. Memorable about that crossing was David's experiment of throwing a message in a bottle into the sea, which ultimately landed on Sark (Channel Islands) and got him a response from its recipient. Then there was his encounter with the newscaster Robert Trout and Mark's friendship with the musicologist Dr. Erich Werner. At Calais our disembarkation was delayed by a dockers' strike, but then we happily embarked on our own Tour de France.

We started sightseeing in the vicinity of Calais: Omaha Beach, Bayeux with its storied tapestry, Mont St. Michel, Dinan, Tours, Le Puy, Millau (the leather-work center of France, where I bought myself a new satchel, which lasted for many years, and then on south to St. Pargoire, which is located about half-way between Montpellier and Béziers. From there we made many sidetrips to the beach in Sète, and explored the marshes of the Camargue, where there are plenty of wild flamingos and the breeding grounds for the bulls reared for bullfighting. We attended one such bullfight in Pérols, but got so disgusted with the gory spectacle in which the odds were so heavy against the bull that we left before it was all over. Other places, such as Avignon, Aigues

Mortes, the Pont du Gard and Nîmes, and Carcassone were more to our taste.

Together with Chuck and Denise Kahn, who were spending their vacations in that region, we visited the old synagogue in Carpentras, the Roman theater in Arles and in Orange. It was in the latter place that Chuck, in horsing around with Mark, broke his arm. It was put in plaster at a local clinic, but poor Mark was stuck with his arm in a sling for several weeks, unable to swim and handicapped in his movements.

On our way to England, we stopped over in Geneva, Switzerland, in Beaune with its famous old hospital and the monastery of Cluny, and in Paris, before taking the ferry from Ostend, Belgium, to Southampton. From there we proceeded to London for a brief visit to the family, and then on to Oxford.

Thanks to Geoffrey we had found not only very comfortable accommodations at 70 Hill Top Road, but I also got privileges to use the Senior Common Room of New College, which gave me a very valuable connection with the University. Mark had been accepted by a good Quaker boarding school, Sidcot in Somerset, for the year, and David went to Josca's, a private school not far from Hill Top Road, David loved his school. Mark did very well at Sidcot, but was not quite as happy there as we had hoped he would be. Visiting him at school was always a very special weekend occasion for us in that it gave us a chance to see not only

Mark, but also drive through a region of lovely English countryside that we probably would not have seen otherwise.

As a family we struck a number of new friendships, some of which have endured to this day. Foremost among them with the Knapps, who lived a few doors down from us on Hill Top Road and had two sons, Marty and Andy, who were of approximately the same age as our boys. Their mother, Pat, was a beautiful woman with a lovely sensitive face, a warm and compassionate nature, and an indomitable spirit with which she overcame a limp that she had as a birth defect. She was artistically very gifted, sculpted, and painted. Her husband Wilfrid taught political science at St. Catherine's College, of which he was—and still is in retirement—a very devoted member. Pat died a few years ago. Wilfrid still comes to the U.S. about once a year, partly on College business, partly as a political consultant, and on his way from New York or Boston to Washington stops over in Philadelphia where we usually meet him for lunch. It is always an occasion to which we look forward.

It was through Pat Knapp that Mummy and David got interested in brass-rubbing during our stay in Oxford. We had not known before how very rich England—and, in particular the area around Oxford—is in mediaeval burials of knights, crusaders, and nobles that are covered with beautifully carved brass plates. They are usually in village churches and often have been worn down by the wear and tear of human feet. But many of them are sufficiently well preserved to be copied on ordinary shelf paper with a shoemakers' black heel wax. Mummy and David spent days driving from church to

church in Oxford, Burford, and environs, and brought home a great number of rubbings.

Through the Knapps we met Richard and Sophie Walzer. He was a very distinguished German-Jewish scholar, who taught Greek and Arabic Philosophy at Oxford and was, like Wilfrid, a fellow of St. Catherine's. Sophie was the daughter of a famous Jewish art dealer in Berlin, Bruno Kassirer. Their house in Oxford was full of many excellent art works which they bequeathed to the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford. We got very friendly with them, and, when Richard accepted a Visiting appointment at the University of Pennsylvania a few years later, he decided to live in Swarthmore to be near us. He participated in a very memorable Seder at our house, at which the art-historian David Sylvester and his family were also our guests. Richard died in Oxford in 1975. We happened to arrive there just in time for his memorial service at St. Catherine's. Sophie died four years later.

Some more brass-rubbings were made on the big "cathedral hopping" trip that we all took together in April of 1966. It took us through much of eastern and northern England, starting in Cambridge and ending up in Scotland. On the way we visited places such as York and Lincoln, Hadrian's Wall, and on to Edinburgh, the Scottish Highlands, and Lochs Ness and Lamond. Especially beautiful on the way back was our stay in the Lake District (Wast Water and Loweswater).

Soon after that, Mummy and David made a trip to Wales with Barbara Mackenzie, Mummy's old and loyal friend from her Birmingham days, while I stayed in Oxford to get along with my work.

In April of 1966, too, we had a memorable outing with Uncle Ernest and Aunt Hanne to Warwick Castle and Coventry, and when Granny came to visit us about a month later, we took her on a visit to Mark at Sidcot and made a side trip to Wells Cathedral from there. We also took her on trips to Blenheim and other places in the wonderful environs of Oxford.

We decided to have another fling in Greece before returning to the U.S. from Cherbourg on the *Queen Elizabeth* in August. Our route was going to Paris by ferry across the Channel, then board a train, equipped for car transport, to Milan, then by car across northern Italy to Padua and Venice to Trieste, and from there through Thessaly to a small hotel in Porto Rafti, just outside Athens, which Mr. Doxiadis, the city planner and father of a student of mine at Swarthmore, had arranged for us. It was a modest but pleasant seaside resort, where there was good swimming but little else. So we used it mainly as a base for frequent visits to see old Athenian friends, such as Kyria Zikou, Iannis the milkman, and the shoemaker in the Plaka (who invited us to a very elaborate dinner in his home).

At one point the Knapp family joined us, and we took a trip to some of our favorite sites with them in their

Volkswagen bus: the Corinth Canal, Perachora, Mycenae, Tiryns and the Argolid.

We made our way to Cherbourg to board the *Queen Elizabeth* via Yugoslavia, Austria, Liechtenstein into France.

Little did we realize that this would be the last time that we would see Uncle Ernest. A few months after we got back home, a telephone call from Tante Hanne informed us that he was suffering from serious impairments in his vision (tubular vision); soon thereafter we were told that he could not write any more. He was taken for treatment to Oxford, and diagnosed as suffering from astro-cytoma, a brain tumor that could only be removed by an operation. The operation was performed, but the tumor could not be removed and he was sent home again. Soon a telephone call from Freddy Godshaw, Ernest's best friend, told me that there was little hope for his survival, and that I should come over as soon as possible. I made hurried arrangements for flying to England and arrived in Great Doddington to be with him, Hanne, and the girls for the last few days of his life. He still recognized me, but there could be little communication with him. I was the only one in the room with him, when death relieved him of his suffering on May 1st, 1967.

Since it was his wish to be cremated, the rabbi of Northampton refused to conduct the funeral, and with the help of the Aunts we got a cantor from London to preside over his final honors. There was a tremendous outpouring of grief and friendship at his funeral obsequies: whatever family we had in England, especially Inge and Ernest Nathan, came

and a very great number of friends that he and Hanne had made wherever they had lived, and particularly in connection with Ernest's job at Scott-Bader.

I cannot describe how deep a blow it was for me to lose the only brother I ever had, whom I loved dearly, and with whom I had spent the major part of my life—until internment separated us spatially, but not in our relationship. It was the love of my own family, Mummy and my two boys, that helped me come to terms with the inevitable.

For 1968 I have only two memorable events to record. One, my appointment to the Graduate School of the University of Pennsylvania, has already been mentioned (pp. 123-4 above). The other is David's Bar Mitzvah, which took place on "Shabbat Shuvah" on September 28th. It had to be scheduled that much later than his birthday, because there were no major Shabbat services at Congregation Ohev Shalom during the summer and this was the earliest date available. It was the more honorific for all that. The sidrah was "Ha'azinu." David did beautifully, even though the second Bar Mitzvah in a family always stands in the shadow of the first.

The people honored with aliyot were, with few exceptions, the same as at Mark's Bar Mitzvah three years earlier: Jack Freeman, Harold Oppenheimer, Mark Ostwald, Philipp Goldmann, Tom Freeman, Walter Leipzig, Michael Simenhoff, David Rosen, Martin Ostwald, and David Ostwald. The dressing of the Torah scroll was given to Stephen Wynne and Claudio Spies. Of these only Mark, Phil

Goldmann, I, and Claudio Spies are still alive. As at Mark's Bar Mitzvah, we had a lovely and large reception in our backyard at 2 Whittier Place afterwards.

For 1969 the only memorable event that sticks in my mind is that I was invited to teach Summer School at the University of California at Berkeley. Since that was also the first summer in which Mark and David were to attend Kinhaven Music Camp in Weston, Vermont, that would enable Lore and me to leave for the West with an easy conscience in the knowledge that the boys would be well taken care of. It turned out that both boys loved the camp and its non-competitive devotion to making music. They learned a lot, made a lot of friends, and returned there for several summers thereafter. So I went to Berkeley first and Lore followed after having tucked in the boys safely in Kinhaven.

My invitation had been engineered by Tom Rosenmeyer and Alain Renoir, a French-born scholar of Anglo-Saxon Literature and specialist on Beowulf, who was the founder of an innovative program in Comparative Literature, in which Tom played a crucial part. It involved familiarity with one literature in comprehensive historical and critical ways and the demonstrated ability to do comparative work in three literatures. Its distinction lies in its rigor and thoroughness. It usually takes a student twice as long to get his/her Ph.D. as it takes at most other institutions. Tom and Alain hoped to entice me to join the program, but when an offer came, I declined because it would not give me an opportunity to teach as much Greek as I should have liked.

In any event, what made the experience of Berkeley particularly exciting and extraordinary was that it was in the midst of the student unrest that, originating in Berkeley, swept the rest of the United States in the late 1960s and early '70s. I cannot rehearse here the vast context of which this movement formed a part. The civil rights issue, which had burst out after the assassination of President Kennedy in November 1963 and came to a head under his successor, President Lyndon Johnson, was exacerbated by the American intervention in Vietnam, which began in earnest in 1964. The wide resentment the long-drawn-out Vietnamese War caused not only in the U.S., which suffered many casualties among its drafted forces—and that for no convincing reason—resulted in a frontal attack on what was viewed by the draftees as a hide-bound “Establishment.” It started perhaps with the “Free Speech” movement on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley, and spread from there like wildfire not only all over the United States but also much of Western Europe. Practically all conventional values came under attack: civilized speech, respect for property, sexual taboos, social values—so much so that many people believed that it was all inspired by the “Cultural Revolution,” unleashed by Mao Tse Tung in China. Although a direct connection is highly improbable, it may well be that the ruthlessness and thoroughness of much of the student’s revolt was patterned on what happened there.

We experienced this period mainly at Swarthmore, where the main “non-negotiable demand” of the student activists consisted in greater recognition of the black presence on campus in the form of admission of more black

students, more courses for credit in the study of black culture, and the presence of a black cultural center. The student body was split into loud-mouthed activists, who occupied the President's Office, sabotaged classes, boycotted exams, etc. and those who did not want their studies to be interrupted by senseless negativism. This does not mean that all activists favored confrontational tactics: many were seriously interested in ameliorating the social and cultural condition of the underprivileged. Names like Christopher Edley and Maurice Eldridge come to mind. Still, the upshot was that the campus was in turmoil and academic life was disrupted. There were daily faculty meetings, some lasting deep into the night, endless negotiations with students. One of the most lamentable results was the death of the President, Courtney Smith, of a heart attack in his office while waiting to meet a delegation of students. He was an intelligent, compassionate, and thoroughly honest man, thoroughly devoted to the College and its academic excellence, and the person who had done more to attract a first-rate faculty than any academic administrator I ever met.

One anecdote will illustrate something about the students. One of my students, Sharon Finley, niece of my friend, Professor Sir Moses Finley of Cambridge University, and one of the radical students at Swarthmore, was due to graduate in 1969. However, she refused to take the Comprehensive Exams required for graduation, and would have wasted four years of study, if she had persisted. So I went to her house determined to persuade her to be reasonable. Upon arriving there, I was told that she was having a bath. I responded that I would wait until she had

finished bathing, but that I insisted talking to her.. It took some effort to persuade her to submit to at least a perfunctory Comprehensive Exam covering what she had studied over the past four years, so that she would at least leave Swarthmore with a degree. She agreed, and the oral exam she was given started with the single question: “What has been the single most ‘relevant’—a very important word of the radical students’ vocabulary in those days—subject you have studied at Swarthmore?” Her reply was” “Greece in the Fifth Century B.C.” The rest of the questions focused on the social, economic, and political history of Athens during that period, and Sharon got her degree. I believe that this demonstrates something about Swarthmore students..

In view of these experiences, I was looking forward all the more eagerly to our stay in Berkeley, where all this business had started. The place was still more radicalized than Swarthmore had been at its worst. I had rented a very nice little apartment not far from the University belonging to one of the secretaries of the Classics Department. For the few days before it became available, I had been invited to stay with the Byzantine historian Paul Alexander and his wife Eleanor, German Jewish refugees and parents of my student Michael Alexander. They were also friends of Tom and Lilo Rosenmeyer’s and received me most generously and hospitably. Moreover, my former student from Columbia days, Erich Gruen, who taught Roman History at Berkeley, but had accepted an appointment at Harvard for the summer, offered to lend me his car for the summer. That made us considerably more mobile, and enabled Mummy and me to take a number of beautiful trips into other parts of California.

The most impressive of these was to Yosemite National Park, a spectacular spot of steep rocks, rich vegetation, tremendous waterfalls, lovely hiking tracks, and in general unforgettable. Another great trip went into the Napa Valley, the main wine-producing part of California, where we learned much about the production of wine and tasted a large variety of them. Of course, we also explored San Francisco and its environs (Telegraph Hill, Fisherman's Wharf, Muir Woods with its tall redwood trees, Sausalito, a lovely little spot on the other side of the Golden Gate Bridge, with exotic restaurants, beaches, yachts, and other displays of wealth, etc. etc.).

And then there was Berkeley itself with its bookstores, ethnic eateries for students, and ubiquitous traces of the "radical" culture, such as "People's Park," public political gatherings, and so forth. The students I had were, for the most part very well trained and dedicated. That applies mainly to the Graduate Seminar I taught on Pindar, in which two of my former Swarthmore students (Florence <"Skup"> Battis and Carolyn Dewald) participated, but also to the general course I taught on Greek Literature in English, which of course had a more general audience. In the latter I had one unique experience: one day a female student came to me before class to tell me she was unprepared, because she had had "a bad trip" the night before. This was my first encounter with the "drug culture" that was a byproduct of the student revolt and which manifested itself more strongly in Berkeley than elsewhere.

While I was teaching, Mummy, as usual, explored Berkeley on her own. One day when I was busy explicating

Pindar to my students, she got caught in a police raid on People's Park and got gassed, thank God without any serious consequences. As you know, one of her most lovable qualities is the curiosity with she explores every place she visits and her "open door" policy, which makes her investigate any open door she encounters in her walks.

Berkeley is a very sociable and hospitable place. We met many old—and made many new—friends, and entertained a number of Swarthmoreans who passed through Berkeley. The people we saw most often were the Rosenmeyers and the Alexanders. Swarthmoreans we saw were the McCoubreys, who had driven cross-country to spend the summer teaching in Berkeley, then there were Larry and Liz Sklar (he taught Philosophy at Swarthmore and later moved to Michigan), and, if I remember correctly, Pete and Peggy Thompson (from the Chemistry Department). Of the locals we met, I remember Kendrick Pritchett, Enrico de Negri (whom I originally met at Columbia, where he taught Italian), Bluma Goldstein (who taught German), David Daube, who taught Roman Law, and many others. Visiting Berkeley were also the English papyrologists Eric (and Louise) Turner and Peter Parsons (who later became Regis Professor of Greek at Oxford). We were constantly invited out for dinner and had an abundant social life.

1969 was also the year in which my first book, *Nomos and the Beginnings of the Athenian Democracy*, was published by the Clarendon branch of the Oxford University Press. It had been long in the making: I believe I started working on it during our year in Greece in 1961-62, and had

submitted it to the Oxford University Press during our leave in Oxford in 1965-66, when Geoffrey de Ste. Croix arranged membership in the Senior Common Room of New College for me, and we lived on Hill Top Road. The mills of publishing houses grind very slowly. But I was very proud to have my first book published by so prestigious a press.

[last edits were made February 6, 2010]

APPENDIX TO “MEMOIRS”

The following is my translation of portions of a diary kept for me in a green leather-bound book.

(a) On my birthday

Dortmund, 20 March 1922

My beloved child : —

Children never know how great the love of their parents for them is. At first, they know nothing yet of the love of their parents, later the happiness that a child arouses in the parents' heart becomes a habit, and the children take for granted what they should in fact realize to be their most precious possession. Only when we have children ourselves do we know the full and complete measure of the love our parents have for us.

No human being can know what fate has in store for us. The following remarks are intended to be for you, my beloved first-born child, when you are an adult and, I hope, mature human being, to be a reminder of a time to which your capacity to remember will not reach back.

January 15, 1922, on which you were born to us, fell on a Sunday. May you turn out to be a “Sunday child” in the popular sense of the word! It was 2:15 in the afternoon at Zweite Kampstrasse 18, when you entered the world with a loud cry. There had been no day in your father's life or in my own in which we had been happier, and never had our mutual love been greater. And I want you to know, my darling boy, your father is the best and dearest thing in the world for us. No impure thought, no impure feeling has ever been his; in all the months in which I carried you under my heart my most fervent wish was that you would turn out like him. I hope you do, my child!

The world was wintry and cold and rather drab. But in us your appearance evoked so much sunshine, and so much joy entered our house that we hardly

noticed the rigors of winter. Your good father had his hands full immediately informing your dear grandmother and all relatives of our good fortune. Telegrams were dispatched, telephone calls were initiated, and there was great rejoicing everywhere. No other person shared our joy as much as your dearest grandmother. She wept with joy, and that is something that this good woman does not easily do. On January 16 I wrote a letter to your grandmother in your name to invite her to you Brith milah. That she came despite the wintry cold was a special joy for us.

As early as Monday morning there was a lot of traffic in our house. Friends and acquaintances sent the most beautiful flowers. The first delivery of flowers—a basket of yellow tulips—came from you dear father. It was followed by other shipments of yellow and red tulips, lilacs, carnations, mayflowers, very lovely potted plants and innumerable presents. Very mail delivery brought numerous congratulations. There wasn't a moment of boredom, for there was plenty to read and write. In this connection I want to write down for you a number of little poems, which were composed in the first few weeks of your life. On January 17 our friend Erich Simons¹³ from Olfen brought 12 fresh eggs, accompanied by the following congratulatory poem.

{There follows a poem, a response to it by Oma Hedwig, and a response to the response. Since all are in rhyme, I shall forego translations.]

Then there were many visitors, when on Sunday, January 22nd, your Brit-Milah was performed by Teacher Nussbaum¹⁴ from Duisburg. The good Oma carried you proud and radiantly happy into the room. In addition to Oma and Papa, those present were: Uncle Richard from Berlin,¹⁵ Uncle Heinrich, who is your godfather,¹⁶ Uncle Hermann,¹⁷ Uncle Bernhard,¹⁸ Uncle Schild,¹⁹ Uncle Otto,²⁰

¹³ Erich Simon was a fraternity brother and close friend of Opa Max. He later married and lived in Münster.

¹⁴ Smaller Jewish communities in Germany had the local Jewish teacher perform also the functions of a rabbi (and, as here, of a mohel).

¹⁵ Richard Jonas, husband of Mama's sister, Grete, from whom he got later divorced. He was the father of our cousin Eva Jonas.

¹⁶ Heinrich Neukircher, husband of Papa's sister Rosa and father of Hella,

Uncle Strauss from Hörde,²¹ Uncle Max Rosenthal from Hörde,,²² Uncle Leo Weinberg;²³ Papa' friend who came were: Max Steinberg from Muunster, Paul Herzberg, Carl Heimann, Erich Simon.²⁴ It was a very festive occasion. Our good

¹⁷ Hermann Klein, husband of Papa's sister Emmy and father of Ilse (Spiegel) and Liesel (Humbberg).

¹⁸ Bernhard Rose, husband of Papa's sister Johanna and father of Else and Hilde (Halle)

¹⁹ Sally Schild, who had married a sister of Uropa Levi Strauss. His son was Uncle Otto (see next note), a doctor who had delivered me. He was a prominent member of the Jewish congregation

²⁰ Dr. Otto Schild, son of Sally (=Uncle Schild, see preceding note).

²¹ I think this was Adolf Strauss, husband of Lene, née Rosenthal, whose mother, Rosalie, née Ostwald, was a sister of Uropa Markus (and thus a cousin of Papa;s).

²² HusbaHere follows another longnd of Aunt Rosalie (see prededing note) and mother of Lene, Julius, and Georg (whom we later often visited in Cherry Valley, NY).

²³ Leo Weinberg, husband of Mama's sister Else, and father of Harold (=Hans) Weinberg, who died in Australia. Leo died very young when Hans was about three years old.

²⁴ All of these were, as far as I remember fraternity brothers, and most of them lawyers. Erich Simon has been mentioned in note 1, above; Paul Herzberg was a lawyer in Hamm, and Carl Heimann was the husband of Elsie, née Borgzinner, whose niece is Ruth Pollack of Laguna Beach, CA. Carl Heimann died very early, and Elsie made her living by giving English lessons. Oma Hedwig was one of her pupils.

Oma had stayed in Langendreer, and came for a visit once again with Aunt Emmy to enjoy the first perpetuator of the family Ostwald. When she celebrated her birthday in Langendreer on January 29th, Papa went there with Aunt Itti and delivered the following letter from you. [I omit the long rhymed poem which follows (obviously composed by Mama in my name) as well as occasional poems composed by Mama in my name and addressed to Aunt Friedchen (Mama's sister), when she fell sick in early February; her response, and a poem on Aunt Helene's (sister of Mama's mother, Uroma Ida) first visit from Bocholt, where she worked as a domestic. Although these are very good samples of Oma Hedwig's skill at composing occasional and very charming poems, they would not read well in translation.]

(b) On my Bar Mitzvah

Dortmund, 16 December 1934

My dear child : —

With the firm intention to keep a faithful diary of every detail of events lived with you and through you, I began writing this account some 12 ½ years ago. Since then the years have passed, and the demands of everyday existence have proved stronger than my good intentions. But I am only halfway sorry about that.

For I would probably have got too implicated in details and in externals, if I had gone through with my intentions.

Today all my thoughts are directed toward your Bar Mitzvah this coming Saturday. So I wish to survey in a brief retrospective things that you may perhaps like to know later in your life. Much will be forgotten and much passed over. Many beloved people have left us. Times have changed, and our hopes for your future have become uncertain; what has remained is our great love for you, and under its aegis we hope that you will grow up to be a good human being!

On June 28th, 1922, Papa and I traveled with you for the first time to Sichtigvor. That was some joy! I shall never forget with what enthusiasm you kicked your legs to welcome the movement of the trees in the forest, and how much pleasure Oma got from that. On February 25th, 1923. You walked for the first time alone across the room, and a few days later began your loyal companionship with Ernest. When he moved in with us on March 15th our good fortune was doubled. It was only an external matter when on January 17th the French also occupied the Ruhr District. Life became more difficult. Travel was not permitted without a special pass obtainable only through French headquarters. To get it, you had to queue up for hours. June marked the beginning of the so-called "passive resistance."

Public officials went on strike with the result that for several months you could make no telephone calls and no train arrived from or departed to the unoccupied zones. All railroad stations were at a standstill, and when traffic was resumed in August there were still intermittent stoppages. Not until mid-September could we go through with our travel plans to Sichtigvor. This was the first time that time the High Holydays had passed without Papa's customary visit to our good Oma. We returned to Dortmund earlier than expected in mid-October, because a new traffic suspension was threatening. The inflation had meanwhile reached a point at which farmers no longer sold foodstuffs for money. They demanded barter goods in return, which we were of course unable to give them. Consequently our life was a hard struggle. It was a terrible time for us. The troubles continued for a while, until in November the currency was stabilized. But

we had much greater worries because at this time our little Ernest had a very stubborn diarrhea.

While our economic situation gradually improved, there came on March 3rd, 1924, the sudden death of Uncle Leo²⁵ due to a kidney ailment which had not been apparent until this time. On the same day, I had to take Ernest into the Children's Hospital, from which he was discharged on the anniversary of my mother's death on March 31st.

Later—during the summer—there followed lovely weeks at Oma's, during which Minna²⁶ took good care of you, while Papa and I went for sixteen days on a hiking tour in the Black Forest, which was one of our most beautiful travel experiences.

In November 1924 we were liberated from the occupation and at long last got a spacious apartment of our own²⁷ at Zweite Kamp Strasse 3, in which we experienced many good and bad times, and in which, God willing, we are going to celebrate your Bar Mitzvah on the 22nd of this month.

In the following years we experience many light as well as serious childhood diseases, through which our dear "Uncle" Dr. Levy saw us successfully and unforgettably until he closed his eyes forever in August 1931.

On December 15, 1925, you suddenly had to have an appendectomy; in the fall of 1926, you had scarlet fever. A tonsillectomy in the spring of 1927 considerably made you less prone to illness.

²⁵ Leo Weinberg was the husband of Oma Hedwig's older sister Else. They were the parents of Hans (=Harold) Winberg, who died in Australia

²⁶ Minna Wigwe was our nursemaid for the first few years of our lives. Ernest and I loved her dearly.

²⁷ Up until that time, we had lived together with Aunts Friedchen, Trude (=Trulla), and Lieschen (=Itti) at Zweite Kamp Strasse 18, the house that had belonged to Uropa Levi Strauss.

Then followed your years in the Jewish Elementary School with all the beautiful vacations experiences with your beloved Oma. On August 26th, 1930, our beloved Aunt Friedchen died in Freudenstadt of a septic angina. She always put her tremendous knowledge, her profound love and goodness at your disposal. For that reason, her death, which is for me the most grievous experience so far, an irreplaceable loss also for you and Ernest. This, too, has waned with the passage of time. I have had to get used to living without our good Aunt Friedchen and to be grateful to fate for what I still have.

The terrible days of March and April 1933 and all that followed them for us will no doubt live vivid enough in your memory, my dear Martin, without my making you live through them again by describing them.

Similarly the great grief that came with the death of our dear Oma, who left us on October 17th and missed by us all. So many a great shadow hovers over the day of your Bar Mitzvah. Nevertheless, I hope that we shall all succeed to direct our thoughts on your future. May a benevolent God watch over it!

The preceding brief sketches on the first phases of your life I hand over to you, my dear Martin, on the day of your Bar mitzvah. They are accompanied by my most fervent blessings, and by the request to all who came to congratulate you to enter their names below, so that you may remember them

Dortmund, 22 December 1934

Your Mother

Your Father.

[Here follow the signatures of 96 friends and members of the family]

(c) My own remarks on my Bar Mitzvah

Dortmund. 5 February 1935

On the day of my Bar Mitzvah, December 22nd, 1934, the Torah portion (=sidra) was *Vayehi*. The section I read was from *Genesis* 48.14-16. In addition, I read the section for my father, which can be found in *Genesis* 48: 17-22. In his address to me, Rabbi Dr. Appel spoke about the blessings of parents.

Martin.

(d) Remarks by Opa Max

Today I remember a sentence so vividly as if I had heard it for the first time yesterday. It consists of the words of the ancient poet Homer addressed by old Hippolochus to his son Glaucus to accompany him in his journey to aid the ancient Greeks who are threatened by the Trojans. The father's advice runs:

Aien aristeuein kai upeiroxon emmenai allvn
mhde genow patervn aisxunemen

“always to be the best, and hold your head above others,
and not bring shame upon the generation of your fathers...”

[*Iliad* 6. 208-9]

“Always to be the best and to hold your head above others” is the tenor of the father's admonition.

This does not mean that you should incapacitate your fellow human being with an ambition that knows no bounds. You should not become a pushy climber in the bad sense of that expression! What this sentence says is, rather, that you should acquire competent knowledge, in school and in the profession which you will soon have to choose. This competence is the weapon with which you will have to fight the struggle for your daily existence. Fight it honestly and decently, but also emphatically.

That applies in particular to us Jews! Your Bar Mitzvah comes at a difficult time. Your experiences in school unfortunately unfairly show that a Jewish child has a difficult time in comparison with his Christian classmates.

Your parents' aim is to spend their lives in Germany—their fatherland—and hope and wish that you and your brother Ernest will also be able to live here. You can successfully exist in your school and in your later life with honor as a decent and honest Jew, if you have achieved what we hope. For you Hippolochus' advice has a special meaning:

mhde genow pateravn aisxunemen

“and not bring shame upon the generation of your fathers”

It would take me too far afield to tell you here about the history of your ancestors. I shall do that on some later occasion.

But let me tell you this: Your ancestors on your father's and on your mother's side were all countryfolk and were simple and upright people! They did not have the same opportunity you have to attend highschools, and their parents could not afford to give them an exhaustive training to prepare them for life.

But there was one thing they possessed in fullest measure: they were good Jews! They had unconditional trust in God. They lived, suffered, and struggled for their Judaism. Take them as role models, my dear boy! Emulate them, prove

yourself worthy of them , and be proud of them, so that you become a worthy descendant of the families Ostwald and Strauss, and bring no shame on the generation of your fathers. To fight for life requires not only an iron will, strength, hard work, a good character, and a steady, self-assured adherence to one's Jewish identity, but also good luck.

A divine ordinance has assigned a guardian angel to human beings: a **מלאך** a messenger from God, entrusted with the task of helping men in need and to protect them. May such a guardian angel be at your side throughout your life, as he has faithfully guided me until this day at the side of your dear mother. May the wonderful words of your Torah portion—which are also the first Hebrew words I learned from your great-grandfather of blessed memory as my prayer—be fulfilled:

Hamaloch hagauel ausi mikol ro, jeworech es hanaar

“May the angel who has delivered me from all evil also bless this boy.”

Then will be fulfilled the wishes cherished for you deep in his heart by

Your most loving

Father.

(e) Poem recited by Ernest in honor of your Bar Mitzvah

“ma nishtano halailo hase”:

This is the question I may ask in public at the Seder,
Permit me, therefore, that I am now rising
in order to recite what I have to say.

“What the youngest in this circle claims
isn't that, dear Papa, based on customary law?”

So I, too, want to congratulate my brother,
 Who today wore the tallith for the first time,
 And who, without any fuss or hesitation,
 read his portion clearly and intelligently.
 Because you, dear Martin, did this so successfully
 you've earned today your roast goose.²⁸

You've always appetite for that,
 As also for sweet strawberries with whipped cream!
 Your motto in this area is:
 Much dessert, but fewer vegetables!.
 And you like to spend any spare-time you have
 At one of your various aunts eating cookies.

Soon you will be an apprentice at Uncle Heinrich's²⁹
 So that you can become an entrepreneur in Sichtigvor.
 Then you will honor your bonds with Aunt Trude (=Trulla)
 With whom you had your first business dealings
 Sell your "B's" there, too, cheaply. "A's" are bought willingly at a
 double rate.³⁰

Whether here or there or in Langendreer
 whatever may happen in future,
 don't take amiss whatever I say in jest,
 let us continue to stick together as we have.
 On cycling trips you must be in the lead,
 On hiking trips you lag behind.

²⁸ Roast goose used to be my favorite dish, which was always served on my birthdays, followed by a dessert of strawberries with whipped cream

²⁹ Husband of Aunt Rosa and father of Hella.

³⁰ Trulla, who had a well-known chocolate store, always rewarded our good grades we got with 10 pfennigs for an "A", and 5 pfennigs for a "B".

So let us two give joy to our parents,
 who are our best and most steadfast friends,
 who have been devoting their entire lives to our wellbeing.
 Raise high your glasses, please, on a happy future,
 and join me, one and all, in a loud toast: “Spitzkeller prosit.”³¹

(f) Trip to Berlin to the Olympic Games.³²

26 July 1936

This morning Eva and Ernest picked me up about 11 o'clock. We took the Municipal train from Savignyplatz to Witzleben to go to the the Broadcasting Tower. However, to get there we had to pass through the exhibition and for an additional fee. So we took the underground train back home and had our lunch there. After lunch, I went to the Jonas' apartment to pick up Ernest and Eva. Since they were just starting their lunch, and so I waited for them. From there went with Eva to the Fehtbelliner Platz, and then through the Preussenpark back home for afternoon coffee. For me the afternoon was the most impressive part of the day. We went by bus with Tante Grete to Unter den Linden, where

³¹ This was a favorite toast of Uncle Hermann, husband of Papa's sister Emmy and father of Ilse Klein and Liesel Humberg. They lived in Langendreer, a short trainride from Dortmund.

³² A client of my father, Miss Scheurenberg, had invited one of us to stay at her apartment in Berlin for the Olympic Games in 1936, and Tante Grete Jonas (Oma Hedwig's sister and mother of our cousin Eva), who lived just a couple of blocks away from Miss Schaumberg, invited the other. I stayed with Miss Scheurenberg and Ernest with Tante Grete.

we passed by the Ministry of Aviation.³³ The crowd there was bigger than any I had ever seen in my life. We saw the Castle, the Cathedral, the State Theater, the Zeughaus (=Old Arsenal), and the Neptune Fountain, the University, and the Brandenburg Gate. What magnificent buildings there are in a cosmopolitan city! On top of it all, the whole length of the street was gloriously festooned. After we had taken all that in, we took a taxi home.

27 July 1936

Today we spent the entire day with Eva, Lilo, Lilo's cousin and aunt exercising and swimming at the Grunewald Lake.

28 July 1936

This morning we went with Eva to one of Berlin's largest department stores, the K.d.W. It is probably the biggest store I've ever seen. In the afternoon we took in a movie, "The Littlest Rebel."

29 July 1936

This morning we were at the Bulei (?), and went from there to Tante Grete for lunch. After lunch we had a date with Miss Scheurenberg, who invited us to a very nice café. After that, we went home.

30 July 1936

³³ One of the main (and most beautiful) thoroughfares of central Berlin, leading to the famous Brandenburg Gate.

Today Ernest and I spent the entire morning in the Zoo. We saw, among other things, an attendant playing with the monkeys. In the afternoon we went with Tante Grete downtown. We visited the department store Wertheim, and saw the Ministry of Aviation, etc.

31 July 1936

Yesterday morning we went to the Nollendorfplatz, Siegesallee and Siegessäule (Victory Boulevard and Victory Column). In the evening we attended services at the Prinzregentenstrasse synagogue, where Rabbi Swarsenski spoke about the “galuth” (diaspora).

1 August 1936

Today we went to Unter den Linden to see the (Olympic) Parade. There were young people from many countries; and also many diplomats. The relay runner carrying the Olympic torch passed right by us.

2 August 1936

This morning we met Dr. Aron and Ursula at the Savignyplatz Station, where we saw Berolina Hotel. From there we proceeded to City Hall, and on to the Pergamon Museum, where we saw many ancient treasures, <among them the famous bust of the Egyptian queen Nofretete>. We went for lunch to the Arons, and in the afternoon we listened to the report on the Olympic Games.

3 August 1936

Yesterday morning, Ernest got us tickets for the Olympic Games, and in the afternoon we visited the exhibition “Germany and the Broadcasting Tower.” Fantastic!

4 August 1936

We made a visit this morning and then went to the Jewish Museum. It contains many religious objects and also paintings. In the afternoon we listened to the radio at Tante Grete’s.

5 August 1936

Yesterday we spent the morning at the Kaiser-Friedrich Museum, which has, among other things, an excellent collection of Dutch masters. In the afternoon, we played ball in the Grunewald

6 August 1936

Today we spent the entire day in Potsdam and “Sans Souci.”³⁴ It was most interesting.

7 August 1936

³⁴ The famous 18th-century castle of the Prussian King Frederick the Great, where he entertained may celebrities of the time, including Voltaire and J.S. Bach.

Yesterday morning we visited the National Gallery, where we saw many great paintings. Last night we attended services in the Fasanenstrasse synagogue, where Dr. Swarsensky gave the sermon.

8 August 1936

This morning we went for services to the Friedenstempel. It was a miserable service. At noon, I said good-bye to Miss Scheurenberg, went to Tante Grete's and from there to Else's.³⁵

9 August 1936

This morning we went swimming in the Halensee pool with Hugo and Ingelore. In the afternoon, Hugo and Else went to the Olympic Games, and we played in the garden and later listened to radio reports on the Olympic Games.

10 August 1936

This morning we went again to Halensee for a swim. In the afternoon we attended the Games: Hugo had given us tickets for a competition in callisthenic apparatus work on the Dietrich-Eckart Stage. It was terrific!

11 August 1936

This morning I rested. I accompanied Else to the market and did some reading after that. This afternoon, I first took Ingelore and Eva to the

³⁵ My cousin Else Halle, daughter of Tante Johanna, wife of Hugo Halle, and mother of Inge Nathan (later in London). She had invited me to stay with her after my stay with Miss Scheurenberg

Games, and then went to Tante Grete's. From there Tante Grete, Ernest, and I went to visit Tante Lieschen,³⁶ where we paddled the whole time on the lake.

12 August 1936

Yesterday morning we spent with Else and Tante Grte in the Tiergarten Park. In the afternoon, we went to watch handball in the Olympic Stadium. That stadium is magnificent. You can hardly imagine the generosity of its scale. We saw the handball games between Austria vs. Hungary (score: 11:7) and Germany vs. Switzerland (score: 16:6). During the breaks there were victory ceremonies.

13 August 1936

Today Frieda came. In the morning we went shopping with her and in the afternoon we went Unter den Linden.

(g) Miscellaneous entries

20 November 1937

We just took Uncle Georg³⁷ to the station. He is traveling first to Paris and then to America via Le Havre. It was a sad farewell. Only now do I properly understand Homer's <Odyssey 9. 34-36> words:

³⁶ Tante Lieschen was the widow of Oma Hedwig's favorite uncle, Iwan, brother of Uroma Ida. He was a very rich man. She ended up in South Africa (I believe).

...w oÈdçn glÊkion []w patr€dow oÈdç tokÆvn
 g€netai, e† per ka€ tiw épÒproyi p€ona o%kon
 ga€· Šn éllodap^a na€ei épãneuye tokÆvn.

(“There is nothing sweeter than one’s country and one’s parents. even though one might live far away as a prosperous family in a foreign land far away from one’s parents.”).

I spent the Christmas vacations 1937/38 in Berlin with the Halles. It was wonderful.

21 February 1938

This morning at 10 a.m. was the incinertaion service for Tante Helene.³⁸ On her way home from a visit to Aunt Lieschen (= Itti), she was run over by a car at the cintersection of Märkische and Adolf-Höh Streets and died instantly. Terrible! Many people attended the memorial.

2 October 1938

On Friday, September 30, 1938, my favorite cousin, Dr. Julius Goldschmidt, embarked in Rotterdam for his emigration to America. He

³⁷ Son of Rosalie Rosenthal of Hörde (= Tante Rosalchen, sister of Uropa Markus Ostwald), and brother of Julius and Lene. Georg and his wife Else were embarking on their trip to the U.S. He ended up as a physician in the lovely village of Cherry Valley, New York, where we often visited them.

³⁸ Tante Helene Weinberg was the sister of Uroma Ida, and thus Oma Hedwig’s aunt. She never married and lin Bocholt, where she was the housekeeper of a rich Jewish family. Upon her retirement, she moved to Dortmund to be near us, and is best remembered for reading stories to Ernest and me.

will be studying for two years in Chicago, and then, God willing, open his office as a dentist. His wife, my cousin Hella and their sweet little daughter Marlene will follow him in about 3 to 4 months. They left on December 4th (12/26/38).

26 December 1938

During the night of November 9th, 1938, SS men came to our house about 1 a.m. and smashed all the windows. At the door to the bedroom, into which we had fled, they hacked off the doorknob with an ax. All over Dortmund entire residences were demolished and their inhabitants beaten up. A few were even killed. This happened all over Germany. The next day—it was Thursday, the 10th— my dear father was arrested at 9:30 a.m. and taken to prison <in the notorious “Steinwache” in Dortmund>. In the afternoon at 2:45 I was arrested but released that same evening. Friday afternoon at 4:45 my brother Ernest and I were arrested again, and taken to the prison, where we spent a terrible night. The following day, it was a Shabbat, after we had been reunited with our beloved Papa, we were transported together with many Jews from all over Westphalia to the concentration camp Sachsenhausen in Oranienburg near Berlin. Our experiences there cannot be described. Every day Jews were beaten up, kicked, and maltreated by SS men. After exactly three weeks—on Friday, December 2nd— Ernest and I were released. We had to stand up for our release from 7 o’clock in the morning until 4:45 in the afternoon. We stayed in Berlin <with Tante Grete> the next day, for a decree prohibiting Jews from going into the street on that day prevented us from taking the train home to our Mama. Only on Saturday night at about 11:30 could we leave Berlin and arrived in Dortmund at 5:51 a.m. Mama had already prepared and initiated everything for our emigration. We were told that she bore our absence with very very great courage. Soon, on December 13th, we

emigrated to Holland via Children's Transport. To our regret, we did not see our dear Papa any more before then. On the day before our departure, we had to sign a statement at the Gestapo Office that we would leave Germany within 14 days or else be taken into "protective custody" again.

In Holland we were welcomed very cordially. The reception we received was very moving. From December 13th to 19th we were in a children's shelter in de Steeg near Arnhem. On the 19th, we were sent to the Quarantaineinrichting <"Beneden Hijplaat"> for Jewish refugees in Rotterdam, where I am writing this on the second day of Christmas 1938.

30 April 1939

From the Quarantaine in Rotterdam we were transferred to a youth hostel <"de kleine Haar"> near Deventer. Five weeks later—it was on February 20th, 1939, we left Holland for England. We went via Flushing to Harwich. The crossing was calm and very interesting. In London we were first sheltered for 12 days with the charming family Cripps.³⁹ During this period we saw almost everything worth seeing in London, except for the Tower. We even saw the King as he left Buckingham Palace per car to visit the British Industrial Fair. On Saturday, March 4th, 1939, we arrived here in Ramsgate in one of the most beautiful <refugee> shelters in England. Ernest, thank God, found a "trainings

³⁹ The Crippses were the parents of Helen Pettengill, who met and married Miles Pettengill and now lives in Brookhaven, PA . Paul Grünthal, a son of Oma Hedwig's cousin Anne Grünthal, née Schild, was instrumental in finding this temporary home for us. He had emigrated to England early and was married to a lovely lady named Lydia. We met Helen Pettengill again, when, as a result of a notice about Mummy in the "Delaware County Times", she called to ask whether Mummy was any relation to Martin Ostwald, who had given her Latin lessons in her home in London before the war. We are still in loose touch with her.

position” in a radio firm. I hope soon to find something similar as n
 automobile
 mechanic.

3 September 1939

Ramsgate. This morning he British Prime Ministr Chamberlain declared
 war against Germany France declared war against Germany this
 afternoon at 5 o'clock.

12 March 1940

On Wednesday, Febrauary 21st, 1940, my beloved little brother Ernest
 went from Wallingford to Bournemouth, where he was to get a job in a
 hotel. Our good Aunts <Trulla and Itti> took care of him, and after
 much trouble and bother he now has a job as “commis waiter” at the
 Compton House Hotel and earns 10 shillings and 6 pence.

End of Diary Entries